The Outlook

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TERRORISM IN RUSSIA

The Bolsheviki are ruling in Moscow and Petrograd by the sheer weight of slaughter and terrorism. Almost unbelievable accounts come from apparently authentic sources of continuous executions and mob massacres. This rule of bloodshed does not in any way represent the Russian people, and the true friends of Russia must aid in bringing it to an end. Recognizing this, the American Government, through the State Department, and unquestionably with the approval and probably at the initiative of the President, has issued a declaration addressed to its representatives in neutral and Allied nations in which the aid of these nations is invoked "to take some immediate action, which is entirely divorced from the atmosphere of belligerency and the conduct of war, to impress upon the perpetrators of these crimes the aversion with which civilization regards their present wanton acts."

The facts as set forth in this statement fully justify its purpose. The statement says:

> This Government is in receipt of information from reliable sources revealing that the peaceable Russian citizens of Moscow, Petrograd, and other cities are suffering from an openly avowed campaign of mass terrorism and are subject to wholesale executions. Thousands of persons have been shot without even a form of trial; ill-administered prisons are filled beyond capacity, and every night scores of Russian citizens are recklessly put to death; and irresponsible bands are venting their brutal passions in the daily massacres of untold innocents.

Those well-disposed but ill-informed people who in the past have inclined to mistake the German-inspired anarchy of the Bolsheviki as an extension of democracy which would settle down in time into self-government must be disillusioned by the course of events. Certainly no one can read this official appeal to the humane impulse of the world against the tyranny of Lenine and Trotsky without seeing that the time for temporizing has passed.

THE VICTORY IN PALESTINE

After the long succession of victories on the western front comes a week of equally brilliant action on two important eastern battle-lines. The Bulgars in the Balkans and the Turks in Palestine have been defeated in a manner so dramatic and complete that the history of the war has little to offer in comparison. These enemies of our allies—we wish we could say *our* enemies, but, unfortunately, Turkey and Bulgaria have not yet been declared enemies of the United States, as they should be—have suffered such crushing reverses that their already weakened morale must be seriously affected by it, while prospects of establishing a strong and permanent position in the Near East open up most gratifyingly for the future.

General Allenby in Palestine, advancing from above Jerusalem, outmaneuvered and outfought the Turkish forces known as the Seventh and Eighth Armies. The number of prisoners known to have been captured by the Allies up to September 23 was 25,000, while it was then thought that the final count might reach or even exceed 40,000. Huge transport trains and about three hundred guns were seized. The part played by the cavalry in General Allenby's enveloping movement was effective and picturesque, and shows that the day of the cavalryman is by no means over. The Australian light-horse divisions in particular operated on a large scale and cut off the retreat of enormous numbers of Turks. British cavalry, pushing up the coast, occupied Haifa and Acre. Here was the "war of movement" in the fullest sense.

The advance led through the sacred village of Nazareth and along the west of the river Jordan, while historic names familiar to every Bible student, such as Armageddon, Tiberias, and Esdraelon, marked the course of advance. The Turkish power in the part of Palestine immediately north of the Jordan has not merely been broken but has been practically exterminated. Thus at last the Holy Land has been liberated from Turkish rule, and Syria will almost inevitably share in the release from Turkish tyranny.

What the ultimate result of General Allenby's victory will be remains to be seen, but there is no apparent obstacle to his advance northward and to the full occupation of the Damascus-Haifa Railway. If his forces continue to move northward, it would seem quite within the bounds of probability that they may ultimately reach Aleppo. If they do, a landing from British ships at the port of Alexandretta might well co-operate with their advance, and if this takes place it is hard to see how the Turks could prevent a union between the British armies marching north through Palestine and those which may advance in Mesopotamia northward from Bagdad to Mosul and then eastward towards Aleppo. This is an outline of a large and important campaign, but even if it is not carried out to its full extent there is no question that the Turkish power in Palestine and Mesopotamia has vanished, and that Turkey's ambitions in the direction of Persia are likely to be checked and made impotent. As the London "Times" comments, the Turkish army in Palestine has ceased to exist, while the recent withdrawal of the British from Baku, on the Caspian Sea, is of small effect on the general plans for future campaigns in Asiatic Turkey.

THE VICTORY ON THE SERBIAN FRONT

Equally brilliant and very probably more important was the victory on the Serbian front. The great Allied army at Salonika has long been inactive, but it has at last accomplished something of large value for the present, with even more attractive prospects for the future.

The front of the Allies has extended three hundred and fifty miles from the Adriatic Sea at the west to the Ægean on the east. To the north this battle-line is confronted by mountain peaks and hills capable of easy defense. The only possibility of driving the Bulgars out of Macedonia and Serbia has been through the river valleys. These valleys have been described as corridors rather than valleys, for they are walled on both sides by great heights. The river Struma, to the east, flows through a valley that is really impracticable. The river Vardar with its railway and road is normally the main line of communication between Salonika and Serbia, but it has been in large part impracticable. One other river route remained, and this was the line of attack adopted by the Serbian and French forces which have so splendidly distinguished themselves. They struck northeast from Monastir, which is about one hundred miles northwest of Salonika, and forced their way into the valley of the river Cerna. This was a line of advance extremely difficult to carry out, and the success of the movement would do credit to any army in the world. By fierce and continual fighting the Franco-Serbian army forced their way down the valley of the Cerna until, after capturing Prilep, they reached its junction with the Vardar and crossed that river. This success not only opens a possible road toward the city of Uskub, but, that once accomplished, would make a campaign directed against Nish quite within the bounds of possibility. And Nish, it must be remembered, is a center of lines of communication between Belgrade, the Serbian capital, and Sofia, the Bulgarian capital—not the only means of communication, but certainly the most important route.

Apart from all this future prospect, however, the result of this

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tremendous drive was to cut the communications of the enemy along that part of the Vardar River running south from the point where the Serbians reached the Vardar to the British lines north of Salonika. The inevitable result of this was that the enemy along this section of the Vardar was forced to flee eastward through the mountain regions, and the Vardar route was opened up for the British advance. During the advance of the Serbians the British were attacking the enemy north of Lake Doiran, which is almost directly north of Salonika, and this prevented a large portion of the Bulgarian army from joining in the defense of the country along the Cerna River.

As we write the First Bulgarian Army appears to be cut off from its communications both north and south, and it is quite possible that a large section of this force will be surrounded and captured. The number of prisoners taken by the Serbians was estimated on September 24 as 12,000, and the account was then far from complete. Many scores of guns and immense quantities of supplies and munitions have been taken.

Looking at these brilliant victories from the large point of view of the world war issues, they assuredly indicate the gradual weakening of the Central Powers. Thus, if it had not been for the critical condition of the German armies on the western front, the Turks in Palestine would undoubtedly have had the support of the German divisions which have been withdrawn, and the same is true of the Serbian front. The gains on the two eastern fronts are of almost incalculable value in helping to put the Allies in a position where both during the war and after the war the German ambitions for eastern domination can be checked and fought.

AMBASSADOR DAVIS

For the people as well as for the Government of the United States there is no more delicate, and therefore no greater, diplomatic post than that of our Ambassador to England—or, to use the official phraseology, "Ambassador to the Court of St. James's." Its historical importance is very great. For although we have been at peace with Great Britain for more than a century, during that period there have been some grave crises which have been saved from breaking into open conflict only by the most able and tactful diplomacy. The position has been filled by some of America's foremost statesmen. Ambassador Charles Francis Adams, for example, undoubtedly prevented the English Government from declaring itself against the North in the Civil War. And if England had officially sided with the Confederacy, Germany would to-day be master of the world. Some of the great names of American statesmen, writers, lawyers, that have been attached to the office instantly occur to the mind without historical research—John Adams, George Bancroft, Motley, Charles Francis Adams, John Hay, Lowell, Choate.

When, therefore, the present Ambassador, Walter Hines Page, resigned, the country was instantly interested in wondering who his successor would be. For Mr. Page, an accomplished man of letters, has carried on the best traditions of his predecessors.

The President has appointed a man not generally known to the public, John W. Davis, of West Virginia, now Solicitor-General of the Department of Justice. Mr. Davis is not a man of letters, but he is a lawyer of unusually high standing among his professional brethren. One of his duties as Solicitor of the Department of Justice is to argue all the cases for the Government that may come before the Supreme Court of the United States, and he is authoritatively said to stand very high in the estimation of that august body. He was formerly member of Congress and was chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House. Thus his legal training for his new international responsibilities is exceptional. As to his personal qualities, those who know him speak in the highest terms. A prominent member of the bar in the city of New York, who is not a member of Mr. Davis's political party, but who has had occasion to make a careful study of his qualifications, writes about him in a personal letter to The Outlook as follows:

> He has force of character and great common sense, and with it all a charm of manner and speech that make an almost irresistible personality. There is no doubt that he has kept in close touch with all of our foreign affairs growing out of the war. He will unquestionably be favorably received in Great Britain, whose representatives here, Lord Reading, Lord Northcliffe, and the British Attorney-General, know Mr. Davis and his qualities. He is perfectly able to bear all of the responsibilities and to meet all the requirements of the ambassadorial office, and is well fitted to represent the interests and policies of this country at this juncture and when the peace conference may be on.

Mr. Davis is now in Switzerland on a special mission for this Government, but he will doubtless accept his appointment, will of course be confirmed, and, according to all indications, may confidently be expected to fill his responsible post with more than perfunctory satisfaction to both the countries intimately concerned.

VISCOUNT MOTONO

The recent death of Viscount Ichiro Motono in Japan ends a long career of useful statesmanship. Before he became Minister of Foreign Affairs two years ago he had represented his country at Paris, Brussels, and Petrograd, and before that he had filled many minor diplomatic positions, so that he has rightly been called a successful product of the excellent Japanese civil service system as applied to diplomacy.

It is interesting, although a mere coincidence, that Motono's death should be followed immediately by the resignation of Count Terauchi's Ministry, for the resignation seems to have been caused largely by the very question which caused Motono's resignation last spring as Foreign Minister from the Cabinet in which Terauchi was Premier—namely, Japan's policy as to China. It is also reported that differences as to Japan's part in Siberian intervention influenced Terauchi's resignation, the Opposition holding that Japan should have acted more quickly and with a larger force. It may be remembered by our readers that in the authorized and notable interview with Count Terauchi held by Mr. Gregory Mason, staff correspondent of The Outlook, and published in our issue of May 1 last, Mr. Mason pointed out that Motono (who resigned shortly after this interview) was more radical than Terauchi on the question of Siberian intervention. This also was doubtless another cause of Motono's resignation.

In connection with this interview we may refer again to the letter from Viscount Motono to The Outlook published in the issue of July 10 last. Mr. Mason had stated that the interview had been submitted to Viscount Motono. As a matter of fact, this was not done. In publishing Viscount Motono's protest we stated our surmise that the explanation was simply that Mr. Mason had been informed that the interview had been so submitted or would be submitted, but that for some reason (probably the differences of opinion which led to Motono's resignation) this was not done. Our surmise is now confirmed by a letter from Mr. Mason, dated, by the way, "Aboard an American Submarine in European Waters." Mr. Mason says:

> The statement that the Foreign Minister had approved the interview was made to me by a person of authority at the time that the written report of the interview in Japanese was delivered into my hands from the Premier. I reported it as a circumstance of apparent interest, the more so in view of the then known opposition of Viscount Motono to a number of the points in the careful and (as many think) wise policy of the Premier and the then Home Minister, Baron Goto, toward the question of Japanese intervention in Siberia.

It need not be said that the fact that Viscount Motono did not see the Terauchi interview in no way affects its unquestionable authenticity. It has been everywhere accepted as an illuminating presentation of Japanese affairs.

CARDINAL FARLEY

The Roman Catholic Church in America has lost one of its most distinguished and influential prelates in the death of Cardinal Farley, who passed away on the evening of September 17.

He was born in Ireland seventy-six years ago of peasant stock, like Pope Pius the Tenth. Coming to this country as a boy, he received the important part of his education here, afterwards spending four years at the American College in Rome,

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which is maintained under the special protection of the Vatican for the theological education of American priests. He was always a patriotic American, and was a power in shaping the attitude of the American Catholic Church against Germany and for the Allies, especially in quietly but effectively opposing the radical utterances and actions of the Sinn Fein element among the Irishmen in this country.

Cardinal Farley was not an orator, but his genius lay rather in the direction of pastoral and executive work. Although he did not have the commanding intellectual authority of Cardinal Gibbons nor the breadth of interests in social and liberalizing movements of Archbishop Ireland, he had a unique influence among the Roman Catholic clergy, not merely because of his princely position in the Church, but because of his great technical knowledge of Roman Catholic theology and traditions, combined with a winning personality. No better brief characterization of this eminent and influential ecclesiastic can perhaps be made than that found in the minutes of the Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the seat of his cardinalate, recorded upon his death. That characterization reads as follows:

> His piety, wisdom, executive power, gentleness, firmness, human sympathy, and love of country were distinguished among his many commanding qualities.

HOW TO END THE WAR

During the coming months we are justified in expecting the position of the Entente Allies on the western front to improve. But, says Mr. Hoover, the Food Administrator, who recently returned from Europe, there is no prospect of a proper ending of the war before the summer of 1919.

To obtain victory we must, he asserts, place in France no less than 3,500,000 fighting men with the greatest mechanical equipment that has ever been given to any army. We have not only to find men, shipping, and equipment, but our Army, the Allied armies, and the Allied civil populations must meanwhile have food. They must have nearly six million tons of food more than we shipped to them in the past fiscal year. Moreover, we must ship this addition and still keep a sufficient amount to maintain our own health and strength.

To ship the necessary food we must rely not only on all the ships we can build, but on all the ships that the Allies may lend us. And to lend them they must take food ships from the more distant markets and place them upon the shorter run to the United States.

We must decrease imports of sugar, coffee, and tropical fruits for our own consumption. It is encouraging to learn from Mr. Hoover that apparently we are going to have sufficient sugar to maintain present consumption and to take care of the extra drain of the Allies on us, instead of compelling them to send their ships to the Far East.

As to our own products, we must reduce the consumption and waste in breadstuffs, beef, pork, poultry, dairy and vegetable oil products. Our average breadstuff consumption per person is about six pounds a week, and of meats and fats about four pounds. A reduction in each of these two groups of half a pound a week would accomplish the task now laid upon us. And we can do this when, to use Mr. Hoover's words, "every man, woman, and child in the United States tests every action every day and hour by the one touchstone—does this or that contribute to winning the war?"

This is not rationing, a thing we shall never have, Mr. Hoover assures us, if the people support the Food Administration as in the past. Of course they will. This year, as last year, they will prove their character in assuming individual responsibility, and show to the Allies that, as President Wilson says, "in this common cause we eat at a common table."

NITRATE OUT OF THE AIR

The recent report, now denied, that preliminary work on the Government's air-nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals was to be discontinued, calls public attention again to the subject.

At Muscle Shoals, in northern Alabama, the Tennessee River has cut its channel between high limestone banks and has an average flow of 10,000 cubic feet of water a second. Dams are to be constructed. A deep, narrow lake will be formed, whose force, when coupled with other water-power development near by, will total over half a million horse-power. There is a great deposit of lime rock in the Tennessee Valley; a little farther there are large deposits of phosphate rock, and at no very great distance there is the country's second greatest source of coke. With all these resources phosphate and nitrates and their many combinations can be cheaply produced, thus making us independent of the nitrate deposits of Chile.

Our agricultural interests are involved, because to increase our crop yield per acre we need nitrogen fertilizer, the essential constituents of plant food for stimulating growth by artificial fertilizers being nitrogen, potash, and phosphorus.

Of nitrogenous material for fertilizers there are four chief sources. The first and by far the best known are the saltpeter beds of Chile. Another is cottonseed meal—this is a wasteful way to use a valuable foodstuff. Still another is ammonia, in which guise nitrogen emerges as a by-product from the manufacture of coke—not a sufficiently adequate source. The fourth is the nitrogen of the atmosphere—the original source of nitrogen. It constitutes four-fifths of the volume of the air, and is therefore an unlimited source. To extract this atmospheric nitrogen gas and to convert it into some usable form means that it must be "fixed" or made available by a bacteriological, a chemical, or an electrochemical process. The bacteriological process is demonstrated by nature. When legumes—peas, clover, etc.—are grown, they form on their roots nodules containing bacteria, and the bacteria have then power to change the nitrogen of the air into available plant food. For many years this kind of air nitrate was the only one known. The process, however, is necessarily slow and involves the withholding of the land for a year from the growing of other crops. To meet the increasing demands for nitrogen fertilizer, chemists succeeded in devising chemical or electrochemical methods for making the nitrogen of the air serve for plant food. To become available the nitrogen must be forced to enter into chemical combination with other elements. The efficacy of such methods of obtaining nitrogen is shown by the fact that Germany, Austria, Italy, England, France, Norway, Sweden, Canada, and Japan have established factories for taking nitrogen from the atmosphere.

We need nitrogen for ammunition also. Every pound of ammunition requires nitric acid, from the propellant for the infantryman's bullet to the contents of a shell or mine. The explosives now used are made by nitrating various bases, which, on being fired, generate gases that expand with sufficient energy either to expel the shell from the gun or to cause the shell to burst, as the case may be.

Air-nitrate plants for ammunition are thus a Government necessity. Such plants should be located where power is cheap, although ultimately scientists expect to extract nitrogen without the use of any considerable amount of power. Our Government has obtained such locations in Alabama and Ohio.

Government air-nitrate plants should deliver us from dependence on Chile—and we have been dependent on that country. Germany knew this as well as we did; hence the presence early in the war of German raiders in the South Pacific. It was plainly a campaign directed against our nitrate supply.

Especially now, however, when we need ships, we should be as far as possible relieved from the necessity of using them for carrying nitrates from Chile.

MUSEUMS AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS

Paris lies only some sixty miles behind the battle-line, but Paris museums are as active as ever. Their temporary closing at the beginning of the war was to protect their contents when the German invasion of the capital seemed imminent and when the French Government itself fled to Bordeaux.

The French have never regarded their art collections as fossil collections, but as living organisms having a direct activity. Particularly is this true of the relation between the museums and the industrial arts. Without the museum in some form or other the industrial arts factory soon becomes enervated. In France the power of the museum is seen not only in the stimulus afforded by its collections, but also in the schools founded largely through its influence. Those schools may now have lost

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most of their men students, but the nation has filled them with girls. And the industrial arts factories are as busy as the need for materials will permit. We are told that the French Government is concerning itself more energetically than ever with the problems of industrial education.

If this is true of France, why should it not also be true of America—not only because we are thousands of miles farther from the battle-line and the danger of destruction, but especially because we have very much to learn in the industrial arts? Europe far outdistances us in national art types, traditions, experience; in the popular backing of governmental efforts in this field; in schools, designers, craftsmen. While there is no lack of talent in America in this direction, there is a lack of schools. Until these are more widely established and well equipped the museums must give special service towards the upbuilding of industrial art, and particularly towards working steadily in the direction of an American type of that art.

In the training of capable designers the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City announces the establishment of a new department, that of American Industrial Art. It is to be in the charge of Richard F. Bach, Curator of the School of Architecture at Columbia University, and formerly one of the editors of the "Good Furniture" magazine. It will be Mr. Bach's province to assist craftsmen, designers, and manufacturers in discovering in the collections at the Museum illustrative material of immediate value in their work.

Not one of the least values of this new school is that thus there will be established between the modern American industrial arts producer and the finest industrial arts collection in this country that close contact necessary for the steady improvement of American taste as an asset in American civilization.

DRY HAWAII

The Hawaiian is the most isolated group of islands in the world. San Francisco, twenty-one hundred miles away, is its nearest neighbor.

A hundred years ago Kamehameha I, the King who united the islands and established the dynasty, summoned the chiefs to Kailua, where a large grass council house had been erected, and said to them: "I command you every one to go home, each to his own district, and destroy every liquor still which you find. Distilling and drinking liquor are tabu from this time forward." Then he tore down the council house to show the importance he attached to the occasion. Unfortunately, the great King died within the year. Had he lived, the native *awa* and the rum of the trader might both have ceased and prohibition have come to Hawaii a century earlier; 1918 thus tardily enforces the 1818 edict of Kamehameha I. He had never heard of the Christians' God (the missionaries came in 1820), but he saw in liquor the downfall of his race, and set his will—the only law then recognized—to suppress it.

In 1840 King Kamehameha III made the following proclamation to his chiefs:

> In our inquiries as to the best means of promoting the interests of the Kingdom, it has appeared to us that an increase of the production of food is of great importance. . . . The present is a time of scarcity. We therefore have been searching for the cause of it. One reason we ascertain to be the following: Articles of food, potatoes, sugar-cane, melons, and other things are taken and transformed into intoxicating drinks; the people remain in idleness without labor in consequence of their lying drunk; wherefore the land is grown over with weeds and is impoverished.
>
> In consequence of our desire to promote the order and welfare of the Kingdom, we have assembled to reflect on the subject and now enact this law: If any man take potatoes, sugar-cane, melons, or any other articles of food and transform them into an intoxicating liquor and drink it, he shall be fined one dollar, and if he do the like again the fine shall be two dollars; thus the fine shall be doubled for every offense.

The royal statute also provided the same punishment for any one who should give liquor thus made to another, and imposed similar fines on any one who accepted such liquor and used it.

This Hawaiian monarch, fourscore years ago, based his action on the same reasons that are now being urged: first, the direct saving of food; and, second, the increased production through improved labor conditions.

Last April, by executive order, the island of Oahu, containing the city of Honolulu and the great military and naval bases, went dry.

There are about one-tenth as many pure Hawaiians now as there were when the white traders first came. This people, which has so nearly perished under the liquor vices and diseases brought by the "superior race," now has a better chance for a to-morrow than it has had for decades past. Washington is but considering this summer what the best Hawaiian leaders for a century have hoped for. The pressure from Hawaii on Congress for the passage of a prohibitory law was brought by the Ahahui Puuhonua o Na Hawaii (Hawaiian Protective Association), the strongest native organization in the islands.

As for the other races, it has been said that the Japanese—who form nearly half the Hawaiian population—would not work without their ubiquitous *saké*. But the result so far of the prohibitory executive order has proved to the satisfaction of the three Japanese newspapers in Honolulu that their people are better off without it.

This is significant, as this is, so far as we know, the first prohibition experiment on a large scale among the Japanese.

HOW CANADA DEALS WITH MENNONITES AND DUKHOBORS

After many months spent in considering educational conditions among the Mennonities of Saskatchewan the Department of Education of the Province has come to the conclusion that the best way to induce the Mennonites to conform to Canadian ideals in education is to place them in a position where proper public schools are at their doors and compel them to send their children of school age to these schools.

With this object in view, three public school districts have been created in the Mennonite community near Swift Current, where there are about seven hundred of these people, who own all the land in several townships and thus prevent the formation of public school districts, because there are no English-speaking settlers to express a wish for public schools. The Church schools of the Mennonites are conducted in the German language, the Bible being the text-book, and the teachers have no qualifications for their work save such as may be approved of by the bishops of the Mennonite Church. The Mennonites are pacifists, will have no dealings with governments in any way, live a life entirely apart from the other settlers of the country, maintain customs of middle Europe in their social life, and generally are perpetuating in their colonies a standard of living as remote as it is possible to imagine to the ideals of Anglo-Saxon races. Their children, born and reared in this country, grow up with practically no knowledge of the English language and with no idea of what British standards of government and of life are.

It is to assimilate these people and to endeavor to teach them to be Canadians that Mr. Martin, Premier of the Province, and Minister of Education, has decided to take drastic action. Generally public school district supporters elect their own trustees, but in the case of the three new school districts an official of the Department of Education, for the first time in the history of the Province, has been appointed official trustee. His duty will be to see that three school buildings, to be models of their kind, are erected, that suitable teachers are secured, and that the Compulsory School Attendance Act is administered without fear or favor. The attendance of some children has been assured, but there will be difficulties in the way of getting a proper general attendance, because many of the Mennonite parents will suffer imprisonment rather than allow their children to go to the public schools. Fear of their Church is the cause, as they are threatened with excommunication if they oppose their priests.

The present step is the first in a policy of bringing to the Mennonites throughout Saskatchewan the advantages of an education in the English language.

The Dominion Government, upon representations by the Great War Veterans' Association, has also acted to encourage occupation of Dukhobor lands. There are two groups of these

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

"WILSON SAID 'NO!' YOUR MAJESTY"

AUSTRIA'S "PEACE" PLAN REJECTED

Ketten in the New York Evening World

APPLIES TO BOTH!

"While Congress did not pass the proposed 'work or fight' amendment to the Draft Bill, it is clear that the President . . . is determined to enforce its principle in dealing with strikers or employers."—*The Outlook, Sept. 25.*

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post Dispatch

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

RUSSIA HAS ONLY EXCHANGED TYRANTS

Harrison in London Opinion

Prisoner: "Three years! Lumme! I only got six months larst time!"
Judge: "Ah! but everything's gone up since the war!"

Hemsley in the Passing Show (London)

Irate Manager of Picture Palace (to Operator): "Do you know what you've done, you idiot? You've put on the 'Air-Raid Warning' instead of the 'Interval'!"

[London moving picture houses warn their patrons of an air raid by a placard thrown on the screen.]

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people whom the Veterans regard as pacifists and not entitled to encouragement by the Government. One community numbers about seven hundred souls, and the other about five hundred. The Government has decided that those in the first group may purchase land in their former reserves to the extent of fifteen acres per person at $10 an acre, and that title shall be taken by the head of the family in each case. The smaller group, known as the Independent Community, may, in lieu of purchasing their allotments, obtain homesteads on available lands in the reserve. Dukhobors who purchase land in the reserve lose their homestead rights. All available lands after the claims of the Dukhobors have been settled will be reserved for soldier settlement.

Measures like these should lead these two singular peoples toward loyal and intelligent Canadian citizenship.

POOLING THE ALLIES' RESOURCES

Perhaps the most important thing done in the war has been the unified command of the Allied armies. Its advantages are daily more evident.

We should have a similar command in the domain of economics and finance. To win the war we need a complete pooling of all resources. It would mean that the Allies' economic and financial resources would be placed on more equal terms.

This has been emphasized by the recent press despatches reporting another appeal from Italy that an inter-Allied reserve or clearing organization be established to solve the war's problems. We are not surprised. To carry on the war Italy has not only to depend for indispensable commodities, such as coal, iron, and money, on her already hard-pressed allies, but also has lost her best customers, namely, Germany and Austria, for her products.

The Italian front presents possibilities of great importance to the Allies' cause. The Italian offensive on the Carso, facing obstacles unsurpassed elsewhere, should, if properly followed up, have brought Austria to her knees; but last autumn came a reverse, not more because of the superior number of Austro-German troops that were withdrawn from the Russian front than because of disaffection among certain Italian regiments, inspired by German propagandists, who made capital out of Italy's famine, her lack of munitions, and the Allies' apparent indifference.

Then indeed the Allies awoke. America requisitioned ships for the prompt despatch to Italy of food, coal, and munitions, and now we have also sent some troops. The result was that the Italian army redeemed its reputation by a brilliant and successful counter-offensive.

At the earliest possible date this should be taken advantage of for an invasion of Austria, thus bringing under Allied arms the discontented peoples in Austria-Hungary.

Italy has about four million soldiers. Some of them have also shown their worth near Rheims and in Albania. If given adequate economic and military assistance, Italy's latest successes should stimulate her to even greater efforts.

It is therefore encouraging to know that arrangements have been made here to stabilize the Italian exchange rate. But there should be *concerted* arrangements. The great increase in the rate means that Italy has had to pay an enormous premium for her imports. Thus she has had more to raise by taxation.

The loans made by the American Government to Italy have been exclusively used to pay for the military supplies of the Italian Government. But the Italian factories and importers have to pay for essential imports into Italy from America (raw cotton, leather, shoes, tools, for instance) at the current rate of 9.15 lire per dollar, as against 5.18 before the war, or an increase in the cost of importing American products of nearly eighty per cent, compared with only about ten per cent for France and two per cent for Great Britain.

With proper assistance, Italy's possibilities for new industries, especially those depending on hydroelectric power, in which she is rich, should quickly restore her financial equilibrium. To show Italy's manufacturing importance, we have only to add that in the manufacture and export of automobiles and war trucks Italy is exceeded only by the United States.

THE LUSITANIA TEST

THERE is a good deal of discussion in the air just now as to what newspapers and what political candidates are thoroughly anti-German and pro-Ally. One simple test can easily be applied in each doubtful case which will settle it instanter. Any man, whatever his nationality, who did not spring to his feet when the news of the sinking of the Lusitania was received and instinctively denounce it as an act of barbaric and piratical cruelty was at that time in his heart pro-German, and cannot complain if he is still held suspect, no matter what his words and deeds may have been since this country went into the war.

It is interesting to apply this test in the case of two prominent American journalists who have recently been at the bar of public opinion. The first is Mr. Arthur Brisbane, an employee of Mr. Hearst. He is the editor of the New York "Evening Journal" and of the Chicago "Herald and Examiner," and receives from Mr. Hearst a larger salary than is paid to any other editor in the world. He recently bought the Washington (D. C.) "Times," and is editing that journal also. Mr. A. Mitchell Palmer, the Federal custodian of alien property, recently declared in public that he had collected evidence that an important daily newspaper had lately been purchased with money supplied by a syndicate of German-American brewers, the inference being that this paper was therefore under the pro-Ger[illegible] and pro-liquor influence of this syndicate. Partly, perhaps, through the pressure of unavoidable evidence, and partly goaded by a contemporary, the Washington (D. C.) "Herald," Mr. Brisbane has admitted in the columns of his paper, the Washington "Times," that a large part of the money he paid for the paper was loaned to him by a group of brewers, most of whom bear German names. Mr. Brisbane is commonly reputed to be a brilliant man, but, with a fatuity which is wholly incompatible with this reputation, he endeavored to mitigate his position by asserting that the publisher of the Washington "Herald," Mr. C. T. Brainard, is under the control of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the head of the great New York banking firm, his logic being that, as Mr. Brainard is president of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, one of the oldest book-publishing houses in the United States, and that as Mr. Morgan is alleged to control Messrs. Harper & Brothers through his ownership of the securities of that firm, Mr. Brainard must necessarily "wear Mr. Morgan's collar." Therefore:

> If I have any further reply to make to Mr. Brainard, I will make it to Mr. Morgan, who owns Mr. Brainard, or to Mr. H. P. Davison, who manages Mr. Morgan.

This *tu quoque* method of arguing is a favorite refuge of journalists of the New York "American" school. "Yes," such a man says, "these are serious charges you bring against me, but you oughtn't to pay any attention to them, because you must fix your minds on the crimes of the 'money-bund' and the bloated bondholders." Preposterous as such camouflage is, it has been known to work in the past, but there are indications that even the Hearst readers are getting a little tired of it. At all events, Mr. Morgan punctured the argument with one stroke of a good humored pen. He telegraphed Mr. Brainard as follows:

> I notice Mr. Brisbane's statement that he will make further answers either to "Mr. Morgan, who owns Mr. Brainard, or to Mr. Davison, who manages Mr. Morgan."
>
> I regret that I do not own you, as I should think you would be an excellent property, but, in order to prevent any embarrassment on the part of Mr. Brisbane, I hereby specifically empower you to receive for me any answers he may wish to give me.
>
> Mr. Davison having, at the request of the President, given up his job of managing me in order to manage the American Red Cross, which he seems to be doing to the satisfaction of every one, is at the moment abroad, but I have power to act for him; under that power I hereby authorize you to receive any communication from Mr. Brisbane for him also.

Whereupon Mr. Brisbane abandoned this line of defense and issued a statement in which he said:

> I do not think there is any paper in the United States or any editor in the United States who has been as bitterly, as violently, and as persistently pro-Ally and anti-German as I have been.

Let us apply the Lusitania test to this statement. Mr. Brisbane is nominally the editor of the New York "Evening

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Journal," but he is in fact Mr. Hearst's close associate and partner in all his journalistic enterprises, and morally, if not technically, is *particeps criminis* or *particeps laudis* with Mr. Hearst in all his public acts. In the New York "American" of June 6, 1915, Mr. Hearst published an editorial signed by himself in which he said:

> Whether it [the Lusitania] was armed or not, it was properly a spoil of war, subject to attack and destruction under the accepted rules of so-called civilized warfare.

All the evidence points to Mr. Brisbane's acceptance of this cold-blooded statement. No amount of patriotic jargon uttered by him since the United States declared war on Germany can wipe out this stain.

The other New York journalist who is very much disturbed by aspersions which have been cast upon his loyalty is Oswald Garrison Villard, until very recently president of the New York "Evening Post," and now president and editor of the New York "Nation." Mr. Villard is a grandson of the great American abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, but his father, Henry Villard, was a German. The "Nation" of September 21, which, by the way, approves the Austrian peace note and wishes that the President had accepted it, informs its readers that "last week's issue of the 'Nation' is detained by the Post Office Department, which is questioning, among other things, the propriety of an editorial article entitled 'The One Thing Needful,' chiefly a criticism of Samuel Gompers's mission abroad."

With reference to this detention, Judge William H. Lamar, Solicitor of the Post Office Department, issued a statement to the newspapers in which he said:

> The Department is in receipt of a telegram from one of the leading New York daily papers, the substance of which is as follows:
>
> "In handling such news as the speech by John Reed, for which he was arrested the next day, or that of Debs some weeks ago, or that of Scott Nearing's recurring offenses, or the anti-war utterances of the Socialist party, or of German propaganda still circulating in library books, or of the 'Nation' being barred from the mails, there arises this problem: How shall we give the news of disloyalty without giving still further circulation to the words of sedition in our campaign against enemies within?"
>
> Although it was necessary to reproduce examples of sedition literally in order to make loyal people aware of the arts of disloyalty and reconcile public sentiment to restraints upon free speech in war time, our feeling is that the necessity has passed. Therefore we believe that in future it will be better to avoid literal treatment of seditious utterances and simply say in such cases as Reed and Nearing and the "Nation" that they attacked our allies, or denounced the draft, or disparaged the war, adding at the end a foot-note that the text of the matter has been forwarded to the Government authorities.
>
> The Postmaster-General coincides with the view expressed in the foregoing telegram, and suggests that it will be in the interest of the country at the present time for publishers generally to pursue the course suggested.

In response Mr. Villard sent a telegram containing the following assertions: "No seditious or treasonable utterance has ever appeared in the 'Nation' or ever will. I resent the base libel on me personally."

Let us apply the Lusitania test in this case. In the New York "Evening Post" of May 10, 1915, of which Mr. Villard was at that time the controlling owner, there appeared on the first page a despatch from Washington regarding the destruction of the Lusitania, signed by Mr. Villard himself. In that despatch he made this statement:

> Had the submarine given thirty minutes' warning to the crew and passengers of the Cunarder, the exploit would have gone down in history as one of the most brilliant in the annals of naval warfare.

We repeat what we said at the beginning of this article. Every man who did not spring to his feet in protest against the unwarned and cruel drowning of the women and children on the Lusitania was at heart pro-German and cannot complain if he is forever suspect. The instinctive protest made at the time by every right-minded American has been confirmed by Justice Julius Mayer, of the Federal District Court of New York, who recently legally defined the sinking of the Lusitania as an act of piracy, and said as his deliberate legal judgment that "the United States of America and her allies will well remember the rights of those affected by the sinking of the Lusitania, and, when the time shall come, will see to it that reparation shall be made for one of the most indefensible acts of modern times."

THE VANDAL OF EUROPE[1]

At the outbreak of the European war Herr Wilhelm Mühlon represented the German Government in the directorate of the Krupp Iron Works. He was not in sympathy with the war party, and endeavored to get release from his anomalous position. It took several months to obtain his freedom. During that time he kept a diary. The earliest date is "the first days of August, 1914;" the last date is November 14 of that year. This diary is now published, with a preface by him and an Introduction by the English translator, Mr. William L. McPherson. It bears the title "The Vandal of Europe." It is a portrait of the German people painted by a German high in official circles, and apparently not originally intended for publication. Making full allowance for the fact that Herr Mühlon is an old-time German and has no sympathy with modern Germany, that he is as pessimistic about the Germany of to-day as a Jeffersonian Democrat in the United States might be about modern Socialistic democracy, and that his book will probably be regarded by his critics as a partisan defense of his resignation from a quasi-military post at the outbreak of the war, it is nevertheless, not only in its estimates of character but also in its statements of facts, one of the most important books which the war has produced. Remembering that it was all written before December 1, 1914, it affords an extraordinary confirmation of the judgments of the German nation which the war has compelled Americans reluctantly to adopt. Our object in this article is to give our readers as full a report of this book as is practicable in the limited space which we can allot to it.

No nation is free from national self-conceit. The German self-conceit is colossal. Herr Mühlon is under no illusion respecting the estimation, even before the outbreak of this war, in which the German people were held by other peoples:

> Germany had become rich and powerful in a material sense, but foreign distaste for everything German had increased to an almost incredible extent. In the European community Germans were considered as an alien mass which eventually must be broken up and absorbed. The outside world found Germans brutal when they pursued politics; hard-hearted where they were masters; unscrupulous when they conducted business; dull and ossified when they taught; awkward and unpolished wherever they appeared; without taste when they bought; ridiculous when they wanted to appear distinguished; cowardly when it came to individual convictions; not to be depended upon when they should stand fast; servile when they wished to learn; unjust when they passed judgments on anything foreign. They were considered pests, and the richest and most high-placed among them excited the greatest aversion. The simple German of the so-called "old stock" had been tolerated by the outside world because he never rubbed it the wrong way.
>
> Germans to the last man had a sense of all this, even if they never got beyond their own boundaries. They knew that the German, as such, was unpopular all over the world, that people avoided him or held their noses in his presence.

This is Herr Mühlon's report of what other people in August, 1914, thought of the Germans. That he largely shares in their estimate is clear, not only from the context of this passage, but from his own definite statements in other parts of his book. For example:

> I have a lively recollection from the days of my youth of the fat, rough German bourgeoisie of German cities. They sat gladly and frequently in their favorite drinking places, conversed noisily and self-importantly about all sorts of trifles, drank and ate heavily, and considered themselves the most perfect of all

[1] The Vandal of Europe. By Wilhelm Mühlon. Translated by William L. McPherson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The Guilt of Germany for the War of German Aggression, being Prince Karl Lichnowsky's Memorandum. Together with Foreign Minister von Jagow's Reply. Introduction by Viscount Bryce. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Reprinted from the New York "Times." 75c.

Herr Mühlon and Count Lichnowsky agree in their testimony to the fact that Austria and Germany united in bringing on this war with the approval of the German Kaiser. That testimony has already been treated at some length in The Outlook; it is not necessary to repeat it here.

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men, while their wives were busied at home with the children, worked their heads off, and never thought of the possibility that their husbands would take them along to these entertainments or even give them a friendly word. Very similarly the new Germany, whose business was going well, feasted together and shouted out all sorts of rude, arrogant, and eccentric things across the tables and out of the windows, without feeling that they would better first perform their urgent duties at home, before they allowed themselves such license; that they should first help the common people to rise out of brutality, misery, and ignorance to a level more worthy of human beings before they allowed themselves to pose to the outside world as great men.

Neither in peace nor in war, in the schools nor in the barracks, is Germany attempting to give any such help to the common people to rise out of brutality, misery, and ignorance. Herr Mühlon describes meeting on a train six "poor devils" returning from the war, frankly confessing their weariness of war and their delight to have an escape from it, but ready to brag of their successful looting. His comment is: "Whatever these six men may have done, they are not to blame. They did not know any better, they do not understand the limits of their rights and duties. Who was there to teach them? At home, in school, in the barracks, in their vocations, there was no one to take the trouble of raising the man within them to a higher, freer level. They received orders, and they obeyed."

Blind obedience is the only virtue, if blind obedience is a virtue, which Germany teaches its pupils. The result of such teaching in the nation is "a good-natured people, born to blind obedience and humble willingness to let others do their thinking for them." It is impossible to convince them that "what is lacking in moral superiority cannot be replaced by force." They have no faith in moral power. "They do not believe, in fact, that they will win through bravery, strength, skill, or any other special moral quality. They are satisfied as soon as they may hope to have superior numbers. . . . It does not occur to them to be ashamed of their great superiority in numbers when they use it to crush a weak opponent like Belgium. . . . They are like barbarians, who become intoxicated with victory, even if it has been achieved at the expense of defenseless opponents."

This ignorance of and indifference to the moral law and moral forces runs throughout German society from the top to the bottom. The report of German atrocities in Belgium and northern France Herr Mühlon confirms on statements made to him by German officers. "Our soldiers," he writes, "have lost all conception of what is allowable in war and what is not." The complaint is made by their own officers that "the soldiers are no longer to be held back and that they plunder and burn without any excuse for doing so." Not only the common people, not only the newspaper press, but those attached to the military administration and in the highest positions, are ignorant of international law. A German teacher of international law told him of "a number of cases on which he was engaged in which newspapers and military officers had committed the most narrow-minded and dangerous blunders in interpreting international law."

Equally indifferent to those elemental moral obligations which underlie international law are most of the commercial leaders of Germany. Herr Mühlon reports a conversation with one of these leaders over the distribution of the booty after the war. "It occurred in a most intimate circle of the most distinguished Iron and Steel 'Robber Barons.' I still quiver with shame. These modern German industrials are nauseating." "One gentleman argued very earnestly"—let the reader remember that this was in the fall of 1914—"that Germany should immediately annex Belgium, . . . in order that the Belgian problem should be excluded entirely from future peace negotiations." He reports another conversation "with one of our best-known financiers, . . . the first responsible German I have met who wants to treat France leniently. . . . From France he wanted 'only' a few important frontier districts, such as Longwy and Briey, because of their iron deposits." He believed that it would be possible to satisfy France by giving to her in return the greatest part of Belgium, including Brussels and Ostend, retaining for Germany only Liège and Antwerp. He thought that "only a little skillful diplomatic work would be needed as soon as impending operations on the western front should produce another impressive German victory." This is what Hertling meant by "We hold Belgium as a pawn." Herr Mühlon thinks better of France. "France is no traitor, like Germany; her convictions are not for sale." Other "Robber Barons" were less considerate towards France. "Serious and influential men said to-day, in my presence, that the German Empire must annex the whole country, from Calais to Marseilles." Still others proposed a war indemnity to be paid, not in drafts, "but in merchandise, real estate, and mineral deposits, which are worth much more to us. In this way the really important result would be obtained that, just as in Belgium, no powerful iron industry should ever be able to develop again in France." Nor were they waiting for the end of the war. In 1914 "these gentlemen had already taken steps with the Imperial Chancellor to have an industrial expert attached to the German Government in Belgium who should inspect all industrial establishments and inquire into all industrial values in Belgium and note what Germany could use for herself."

How little the Church and the ministry have done to educate the conscience and to emphasize the obligation of the moral law is indicated by a single quotation made by Herr Mühlon from an article by "the well-known Pastor Traub," who, speaking on the invasion of Belgium, said, "with a boisterousness characteristic of the Prussian Protestant type: 'Whoever wishes to criticise this step is a traitor.' The fact that the Imperial Chancellor has confessed our wrong makes it a right." We are familiar with the German doctrine that whatever the state declares to be right is right. But the doctrine that whatever the state confesses to be wrong is thereby made right has at least the merit of originality.

Nor can any moral influence be hoped for from the press. There is in Germany neither freedom for the press nor individualism in the press. "After the war we must create a new press. The press of to-day is a hideous leper. . . . One must avoid many columns of their contents as he avoids mud puddles." Its editors are not men whose words carry any weight. They belong to three classes. "They consist, first, of disgustingly stupid officers on the retired list, who, even in time of war, are not available as soldiers; secondly, of worthy pastors, who, with an icy soul and a good-natured smile, trumpet forth every base deed as a manifestation of German Protestant heroism; and, thirdly (the worst of all), of numerous modern university professors, who, overladen with titles and distinctions, swimming with every patriotic current, are either mercenaries or bounders, and who, outside the field of their own specialties, are seeking, not clearness and truth, but only temporary notoriety."

The German people were in 1914 practically unanimous in their support of the war, but this unity was, if not more apparent than real, at least more superficial than substantial. People favored the war for different reasons: the Emperor and the war party hoped to realize their dream of pan-Germanism; the commercial magnates hoped to enrich their country and gain new opportunities for making money by possessing the resources of other lands; the Socialists hoped that "the failure of the Government might definitely condemn it, while success might bring to the German masses new life and progress;" the German proletariat said to itself, "We couldn't have gone on like this much further; clarity must come; the burden must be shaken off." But even in 1914 Herr Mühlon anticipated that disaster might bitterly affect this superficial unity, which was due to the fact that Germany was under military law.

"Nobody dares to risk liberty and life in a hopeless struggle against the authorities. . . . Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that everybody submits—all the more so since the war has separated friends and relatives, and the convictions of many have been shaken by the hope of victory. But let distress and defeats come, and the Potemkin village of national unity will be blown away, despite the props of military law. If any one in Germany to-day, enthused by our victorious progress, should say gloatingly that it is only a matter of a week or two before a revolution breaks out in Paris, he might be right, provided that the French army had been already destroyed. But it would not be any different in Germany, if Germany should lose the war. In fact, it would not be different in any of the belligerent states, England, perhaps, excepted."

A barbarian is defined in the Century Dictionary as "one outside the pale of Christian civilization." It is evident from

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this characterization of the German people, written by a prominent member of the German official class, that the German nation is outside the pale of Christian civilization, that it is a barbaric nation. And this characterization of the German nation by a German is confirmed, not only by the testimony of other writers who have been in Germany during this war, but by the current history of Germany, by what it has said through its pulpit and its press, what it has proposed by its politicians, and what it has done by its arms in the almost four years since this diary was written. It is not only with the military autocracy that we cannot make peace. We cannot negotiate with a nation whose commercial leaders regard negotiation as a division of spoils won by highway robbery. Whether we regard Germany as insane in its colossal self-conceit, or as criminal in its disregard of the moral law, or as barbarian because not yet imbued with the spirit of a Christian civilization, we can hope for peace with it only by depriving it of the power to make war.

A TANGLE OF COMMON GREEN LEAVES

The night was hot and muggy and the first cock-crow from the barnyard a quarter of a mile away broke through the Happy Eremite's thin wall of sleep and shook him into consciousness. On the fields dawn lay like a brown and steaming blanket. No leaf stirred anywhere. The Seven Willows hung their heads in utter lassitude; the great hickory stood as if petrified in its green opulence.

The Happy Eremite dressed and crept on tiptoe down the stairs and out into the little house that was his study. He felt weary and spiritually parched, and sat down at his desk staring at the disorderly mass of papers. The sight of an unfinished manuscript struck no spark in him, and he walked restlessly to the window, feeling as empty as a cracked fiddle.

The view from his study window was not inspiring; it was not even diverting. His study abutted on neighbor Brown's pasture. He could almost touch the wire boundary fence with his hand. Bushes had grown up along it eight feet high. Paradise might have lain beyond that thicket; the Happy Eremite, staring hungrily out of his study windows, would have been no better off for that. The thicket made a screen impenetrable to the vision. Over it only he could see the interlacing tops of trees. Not paradise, but a bit of New England woods lay beyond the wild hedge. The tree-tops were utterly still against the gray, featureless sky.

The Happy Eremite stared into the thicket, and through it, to gray horizons of despond. The tangle was to him a curtain barring the pleasant places his eyes hungrily sought after, and he resented it as he would have resented a door flung shut on his nose. It seemed to him altogether like the door which the flesh had a way of quietly closing in the face of his importunate imagination, leaving it impotently storming—the flesh which insisted still on asserting its authority over the headlong spirit. He felt the same torment of thwarted desire, the same sense of paralysis.

At length his truant vision, staring blankly through green nothingness, returned reluctantly home and focused itself on the offending barrier. The leaves were motionless as carved malachite; they were incredibly still. He had never thought that anything in nature could stand so poised. It was like the palace of the princess who slept a hundred years, where the dog's tail was bewitched into immobility in the middle of a waggle, and the curtain hung bellied out as the wind had blown it.

He apprehended now for the first time that the tangle was not the plain, dull hedge he had thought it, but a thing of varied textures and colors luxuriantly intertwisted. There were scrub elm and scrub hickory, and, through them and over them, the heavy foliage of wild grape on slender rosy stems. There was sumach with copper-colored blossoms, and over it, in turn, wild honeysuckle like a hood of pale green, with tentacles outstretched, motionless. Tall weeds with flowers like tiny yellow cornucopias specked with vermilion rose under the sumach's shadow. The thicket was full of mysterious deeps and endless varieties of leaf green, from the yellow green of the scorched hickory leaves to the opulent dark green of the sinuous, baleful poison ivy.

The Happy Eremite gazed into his prison wall, and suddenly he was aware that his depression and weariness of body and mind had vanished. The soft colors were ointment to his eyes; the motionless, luxuriant foliage was like the quiet of an empty church to a perplexed spirit. It occurred to him that beauty walking amid miracles of fragrance and iridescent light had never laid on his heart hands of such healing potency as this tangle of common green leaves.

A TRIUMPH OF FRENCH IMAGINATION

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

ONLY a French Government could ever have thought of sending a *mission musique* to this country or to any other country. It takes poets to think such things, it takes men of imagination; and imagination is a thing the other Allies do not largely possess, and the Boche never. For the Boche is a liar and a dog, and it is written of the land of the imagination—as of the city the seer saw in the vision—that "without are dogs." The French have proved their right to citizenship in that land very often, but never more definitely than when they decided to send Captain Gabriel Pares, at the head of his band of sixty military musicians—every one of whom has seen active service, and nearly every one of whom carries the *blessé* bar or the Croix de Guerre on his breast—to the United States as a token of France's friendship for her new ally.

Just now it is touring the camps and cantonments, with a Y man for a *cicerone*, and occasionally, after it has played for the soldiers, it gives a concert in the city, if the city happens to lie near the camp. I had an opportunity to hear such a concert lately and to witness how the people were stirred with a new frenzy of desire to help France—that France whose soul was speaking through the drums and the brasses and calling us to follow in the way she had so long gone, and with such agony. And I realized then that French imagination had gone beyond Anglo-Saxon logic in the shaping of this appeal to American hearts through the Mission Française Musique.

In the afternoon the band played in the camp. It is one of those camps that fortunately has a grove of trees within its bounds, and here beneath their branches, with the sun falling in brilliant spots upon their blue uniforms, they sat on stools in a great half-circle, while the khaki-clad lads lounged in easy rows upon the grass to listen. They aroused enthusiasm, as we expected they would. The soldier readily responds to those who come to cheer him with song or music, if they only come as comrades, and not to patronize.

But it was at the evening concert in the band-stand in the city park that the real significance of the band's coming was revealed. The crowds began to gather two hours before the time set, and when the director raised his baton for the first number grass and paths were blotted out by the human flood that covered them as far as he could see. It was one of those only too rare things—a perfect summer evening. The director could not have staged a better setting for the message he wanted to bring. It was a night when the past speaks its messages and the future whispers its hopes; when a man thinks of the things he has lost, and knows his loss, and yet hopes withal that still he may find these things and all they mean. Love and country—they are not far apart in a man's heart, and when either is stirred deeply the other comes into new life. And how cleverly the director seized the hour and the opportunity! The first numbers were of course the national anthems of our own land and his. Then the Belgian "Braban-

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çonne." Then he turned to softer things—old opera numbers reminiscent of Verdi, and his lovers that sang in the moonlight:

"Shall I remembered be?"

Then into songs the lads are singing in the camps and those they have left behind are singing in the homes, about long, long trails and home fires. And then, when all hearts were softened, he began his message. It was a march such as they play when the *poilus* turn toward the front. There were in it the thunder of drums and the insistent call of bugles. Hearts that had been thinking of old loves were challenged to present perils. Men began to stir in the crowd. The quietness into which he had lulled them was forgotten. They were alert and eager. Then, when the march was done, they were ready for the supreme word he had come to bring.

The daylight had faded before it began. Over the trees to the east hung the full moon. The city on which it looked was a city of peace. I thought, in a moment when my mind wandered, of other cities on which it had looked that day—cities these men knew who played here for us, where roofs were gone and every window from the houses, where the children were gone from the streets. Even the places of prayer were stark and open, and the gargoyles had ceased to leer on the broken towers and the saints to bless from their niches in the walls. It looked like a land of death; but it was not a land of death, even though leagues of little white crosses stretched across its sod. We were to hear now the dramatic answer to the question why it could not be a land of death. One of the players had laid his saxhorn aside. He was younger than the others, and on his breast gleamed the red ribbon of the Serbian Cross. The man who can wear that cross has seen blood and terror and darkness such as we cannot dream. And this man especially. He came from the fair land of Picardy, where the poplars used to wave beside the quiet fields. When, at the mobilization, he left the little house that had always sheltered him, he left all behind who were his world—*père et mère et petite sœur*. He has never seen them again, never heard. The German tide covered them in its first wild rush. Being French, he has imagination, and you know what he thinks about them as you look into his eyes. Oh, yes, he knows what death means; you might even think he was ready to call France a land of death. But he is going to sing. The director raises his baton. It is the "Marseillaise" again. He will sing it, this man of the broken heart, standing tall and straight, his head and shoulders silhouetted against the gleaming white of the band-stand above the confused mass of his comrades. I know now, having heard him, why France is not the land of death. I know now why Germany cannot win this war. I heard that soldier, to whom France was all that was left, sing the "Marseillaise." His voice was as the voice of thousands, and it was terrible in its sweetness. It poured forth all that France means to him and to all men. It gathered all the glory from a hundred battlefields of liberty and flung it to the air as a gleaming oriflamme to urge the hosts behind. I heard the trampling of their feet, I heard the beating of their hearts, I saw the challenge of their eyes. France—France of the broken hearts and the ravished homes and the long lines of the white crosses, France that the Boche thought he could kill—immortal France was singing to the world, was singing to us of this quiet American city in that song, and we and all the world were following to the end that God has sworn.

I have never been afraid since that night of what the end will be. Men may die, and cities even, but France and liberty are immortal. The Mission Française Musique is greater than logic. It is logic.

WILLIAM E. BROOKS.

Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

RUSSIA IN UPHEAVAL[1]

DR. E. A. ROSS, Professor of Sociology in the University of Wisconsin, went to Russia in the summer of 1917, at the instance of the American Institute of Social Service, for the purpose of writing a report "upon the prospects for practical social progress" in that much-disturbed and rapidly changing part of the world. Crossing the Pacific to eastern Siberia, he landed at Vladivostok, and there began a journey which occupied about five months and covered more than fifteen thousand miles of Russian territory, including Siberia, European Russia, the Caucasus, and Central Asia. Of this extensive journey "Russia in Upheaval" is the literary outcome.

The author characterizes his book as an attempt to "describe impartially the major social changes going on in Russia during my sojourn there;" but he would have given a better idea of its contents if he had said that it is a traveler's record of impressions received and facts gathered during a rapid journey through an immense country in which great social changes were taking place. These impressions and facts are not presented chronologically, as they would be in a narrative of travel, but are classified and grouped under such chapter headings as "Twice Across Siberia," "The Volga and the Caspian," "Impressions from the Caucasus," "Russian Central Asia," "The Rug Market at Merv," "The Russian People," "The Land Question," "The Roots of the Revolution," "Caste and Democracy," "Russian Women," "Labor and Capital," "Religion," etc. The book, therefore, is not wholly a narrative of travel, nor wholly a study of social conditions, but a combination of both. In the main, the traveler's descriptions, as well as the investigator's facts and the sociologist's observations, are accurate and interesting; but there are some noteworthy gaps and omissions. One would think that "social changes" might have been studied to advantage in the Workmen's Councils and in the great national conferences, conventions, and congresses which assembled in Petrograd and Moscow during the author's "sojourn" in the country; but apparently Dr. Ross did not attend any of them nor make a study of their proceedings. Neither did he personally witness any of the acts of violence and injustice by means of which the Bolsheviki gained and established their supremacy in the late fall and winter of the revolutionary year.

Dr. Ross traveled through the country as an intelligent tourist; he saw no fighting, looting, or murdering, and "found the Russians behaving," he says, "much as I should if I were in their place and furnished with their experience." This failure to see any of the "social changes" that involved cruelty, bloodshed, and crime was probably fortuitous; but the effect of it is to soften the picture that he draws of revolutionary Russia and to give the impression that there was comparatively little unnecessary violence or injustice, that the "iridescent stories" published in our periodicals were untrustworthy, and that the Russian people on the whole and according to their lights behaved naturally and rationally.

This impression is given not so much by what the author says as by what he leaves unsaid. He hardly refers to the agency of Germany in bringing about "social changes." He passes over without comment the beating to death of General Dukhonin, the cold-blooded murder of Shingareff and Kokoshkin in their prison-hospital beds, the looting of palaces, churches, and private houses in Petrograd and Moscow, the massacres in Finland and the Ukraine, and the many other unnecessary acts of cruelty and violence committed by the Bolsheviki after their usurpation of governmental authority in the fall of 1917. Professor Ross was in Russia at that time, but either he did not hear of these things or did not regard them as among the "social changes" that deserved attention and comment. "I conceive it my duty," he says, "to present the typical rather than the bizarre," and he therefore refrains from "unreeling a film of astonishing and sensational happenings such as present themselves in troublous times." But if he had been traveling in France in 1793 and 1794, would he have conceived it his duty to pass over without notice or comment the acts of Robespierre and his associates, or the "sensational" events of the Reign of Terror, on the ground that they were "bizarre" rather than

[1] Russia in Upheaval. By Edward Alsworth Ross. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

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"typical"? "Scientific objectivity," which, Dr. Ross says, is his "guiding star," does not require the elimination of facts that are essential to the right understanding of an era, "bizarre" although they may be. For this reason the author's failure to describe and characterize the acts of the Bolsheviki in the late fall and early winter of 1917, when he was on the ground, must be regarded as the chief defect in an otherwise useful and interesting book. He may not be in sympathy with the Bolsheviki, but his silence with regard to their many crimes and his *quasi* apology for their forcible suppression of the Constituent Assembly would seem to indicate that he does not regard them as primarily responsible for the most momentous "social change" in all Russian history.

It is only fair to say, however, that he rightly condemns the methods by which the Russian army was disintegrated and destroyed. "It was the Bolshevist propaganda," he says, "beginning among the soldiers early in May, that gave the finishing blow to the discipline of the army. The Socialist leaders thought it a clever policy to take Russia out of the war by seducing the soldiers rather than by changing the nation's will to fight. They did indeed defeat the intention of their political opponents to carry on the war, but in so doing they fostered the spirit of insubordination until the army was utterly worthless as a fighting force and Russia was left defenseless before the advance of the Germans. By their unscrupulous shortcut to the realization of their pacifist aims they ruined their country and with it the working class they thought to advance. Not while this horrible instance of misapplied democracy survives in the memory of men will a nation tolerate such a propaganda of disobedience and anarchy as went on unhindered in the summer and autumn of 1917."

All this is perfectly true, and it is quite as applicable to the propaganda among the workmen and peasants as to that among the soldiers. It was the radical Socialists who destroyed Russia as a nation, and they were guided and inspired by returning political refugees from western Europe and America, who had lost touch with the realities of life in their native country, who attributed undue importance to their own speculative ideas, who had never had an opportunity to try their theories out in practice, and who strove to realize their visionary ideals on a national scale, first by peaceful propaganda, and then by force, bloodshed, and crime.

Professor Ross's book as a whole is well written, very readable, and generally accurate; but one has only to compare it with "Russia's Agony," by Robert Wilton, in order to see how far it falls short of being an adequate picture of a country and a people in a state of violent revolutionary transition.

GEORGE KENNAN.

TRAINING ARMY CHAPLAINS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

THE first week of a new chaplain in camp is a busy week, not so much in physical activities as in the learning of a new kind of life, and in learning one's place in it. But now that I am somewhat established in my quarters and am beginning to "see daylight" as to my work and duties, I want to write you something about our preparation for our work at Louisville, Kentucky, in our five weeks' training at the chaplains' school. Five weeks is a short time in which to prepare for Army life and could give little more than an introduction, a little of the Army atmosphere; but the time was used to the full, every minute was crowded, and we were given all the military knowledge and drilling we could cram in.

First of all, we were enlisted. We packed up our civilian clothes, put on the khaki, and took the oath of allegiance as soldiers of the United States. From that moment we were under orders, learning how "to obey strictly and to execute promptly the lawful orders of our superiors." Imagine two hundred preachers, accustomed as we all had been to working and studying in our own individual way, accustomed to preaching and giving instruction to others—imagine these two hundred trying to fit themselves into the following daily schedule, or, rather, try to imagine the job the instructors had in trying to fit us into it:

5:30 A.M.	Reveille
5:45 "	Setting-up exercises on the drill-ground.
6 "	Breakfast.
6:45 "	Infantry drill.
8 "	Study period.
8:50 "	Inspection of barracks and bunks.
9 A.M. to 12 M.	Lectures and recitations.
12:10 P.M.	Dinner.
1 "	French.
2 "	Horseback riding and cavalry drill.
4 "	Preaching and lectures on camp sanitation.
5 "	Singing and instruction in song-leading.
6 "	Supper.
7 "	Conferences on the chaplains' work.
8 to 10 P.M.	Study period.
10:45 P.M.	Taps. (The sweetest music ever composed.)

This was our daily schedule with the exception of Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday we had a three-hour hike either on foot or on horseback, also our vaccinations and inoculations, and time to do our washing and mending. Sunday was our day off, when, as rookie chaplains, we either preached at some Y building or barrack, or, clad in our rookie blouses, we went to Louisville to practice saluting on the officers we met along the street.

Nothing theological was taught or suggested at this school. We were all ministers, experienced in preaching and church work, and it was taken for granted that we knew our religious work. Every man's faith was respected, and no attempt was made to advise him as to what beliefs he ought to hold or how to conduct his religious services. And while our denominational connections were down on the records at the office, we were almost entirely ignorant of each other's varieties of belief. Of the two hundred and twenty who entered I know now the denomination of only a few. We were all clad in uniform. Not all the "uniforms" were uniform in color or equally bad fits, for we inherited our Army clothes from previous generations of chaplain candidates—we were the fourth group—and through many washings and stretchings our blouses and breeches reminded us more of "Joseph's coat of many colors" or of Coxey's army than of a real military outfit. But they served their purpose. We had our experience as enlisted men, and got the enlisted man's point of view. We all bunked together in squad-rooms, thirty-two in a room, each man sleeping on his iron cot and on a straw mattress which he himself filled with straw at the stables. Had you seen those two hundred—some of them D.D.'s, a number pastors of large city congregations—marching up from the stables in a long single-file, each carrying his straw tick like the immigrants just landed at Ellis Island, you would have had a new and fresh idea of the democracy of the American Army, of the leveling effect of military life. Protestants and Catholics, Augustinians, Baptists, Jesuits, Methodists, Presbyterians—you couldn't tell one from another. We lived together, ate together, ran for the shower-baths on hot nights, not caring whether it was to be a sprinkling or an immersion, just so we got a good wash. And even when it came to our trial sermons it was exceedingly difficult to do more than guess what was the church connection of the preacher. Wasn't it Disraeli who said that all great men are of the same religion? Well, these chaplain candidates, preaching sermons prepared with the desire to help soldiers become better men and Christians, were surprisingly alike in the spirit and form of their preaching. Their sermons bore no tags so that you might classify them ecclesiastically. A group of strong men they were, good-hearted and friendly, and wanting to be of all the service possible to the Army and the soldier.

The three subjects of study on which most emphasis was laid were international law, military courts procedure, and

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Army regulations. The blue book of Army Regulations was our elementary text-book to give us some knowledge of the Army organization and the chaplain's place and part in it. The study of courts martial was to enable the chaplain to counsel a soldier in trouble, to give him help and at the same time uphold Army discipline. Then, too, a chaplain is sometimes called upon to act as counsel for the accused in court-martial cases. Therefore this short, intensive course in military law. And looking forward to the time when the American Army will be an army of hostile occupation, marching through and governing enemy territory, we were given an introduction to international law, to the rules of land warfare made a part of the law of the United States, to the Hague conventions and treaties ratified by the United States. It was a big and new subject to many of us, and it gave a clearer and more definite idea of America's obligations in this world affair and of America's duties toward other nations—friends and enemies.

This is the first time there has ever been such a thing as a chaplains' school. Heretofore ministers have gone from their churches directly into army life and have had to blunder their way into a knowledge of military manners and duties. This five weeks' training at Camp Taylor was very short and elementary; but the faculty gave us all they could cram into us in that short time, and I for one am mighty thankful for that introduction to military life. We have a lot more to learn through actual experience, and just now we recent graduates are assigned to regiments in home camps, getting acquainted with our men and our work—*getting ready*, like everybody else in the training camps, so that when our regiments are trained, equipped, and prepared we chaplains will go with them, to get down to the work for which we were all called into service. To get ready, and then to get busy, and to do both quickly and thoroughly—that's the idea, is it not?

HUGH K. FULTON,
Chaplain, 41st Field Artillery.

Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan.

ONE LITTLE WORD FROM HOME

BY KATHERINE MAYO

Napoleon said, "An army lives on its stomach." Maybe *his* did. But the United States Army is living on its letters from home.
—*M. S. Cockett, M.D., of the Y. M. C. A., in "Experiences in a Camp Canteen."*

THE following narrative lay among the Civil War memories of the late John Robie Eastman, staff officer of the United States Navy, distinguished astronomer, maker of the monumental Second Washington Star Catalogue, and first President of Washington Academy of Sciences. At the time when he told me the thing he had attained the rank of rear-admiral; but he recalled with white-light clearness the days and events of 1861–5. At that period he was assistant in the Naval Observatory, near Washington, center of his long and active after life.

Ardently patriotic, and as gentle, sensitive, and tender-hearted as any woman, it was natural that Eastman during the war period should bestow upon work for the sick and wounded every atom of time, thought, and energy that his professional duties could spare. New Hampshire, his native State, maintained, or chiefly maintained, in Washington a hospital for her own sons sent back from the front. And Eastman expended himself without limit on service in this institution.

The hospitals of the Civil War, as every one knows, were crude affairs in the matter of practice—crude enough to account for the loss of many a life that might have been saved by modern methods. And yet that New Hampshire hospital in the capital, with its rows of real beds, its peace, its good will, its kindliness, must have seemed like heaven to the poor fellows brought in from the blood-soaked mud of the battlefields.

And many a time that very peace and good will, coupled with the youth and spirit in them, pulled men back across the threshold of a death from which the science of the day had no power of rescue.

So it happened one morning that young Eastman, coming to the hospital early, came still too late to see the advent of a fresh consignment of sick and wounded from the front. They had arrived at daylight, unheralded, in numbers far greater than the place could easily hold; and the vehicles that brought them, hurriedly unloaded, had dashed away after more.

The nurses and orderlies had got their patients to bed with such rough preliminary care as was possible. And now, in the wake of the hurrying doctors, they were working hither and yon, taking cases in the order of urgency, doing their best.

Eastman, entering, stood a moment in the doorway, looking down the aisles of cots.

Faces—faces—faces. Faces drawn with slow fever, covered with stubble beard; blood-stained faces of men hurt only the night before; faces stern with courage defying evident pain; faces in which the planes of the skull stood forth in place of vanished flesh and in whose hollow sockets glowed eyes of twice their natural size, frightened, beseeching, hopeless, coals of consuming fire. Faces filled with deathless humor cheerily mocking torture; patient faces, silently imploring friendship with hungry looks; bandaged faces, mutilated faces, faces over which some reverent hand had quietly drawn the sheet.

But here at the very head of the line, on the very first cot, lay one that somehow seemed to Eastman the most appealing of all. Here was a boy, perhaps twenty-two years old, whose condition the practiced eye understood at a glance. Typhoid or some such misery had but lately dragged him almost over the dark river. But the crisis of the disease, whatever it had been, was well past now, and the patient should be regaining strength—on the road to recovery.

Instead there was the mark upon him that spoke too clearly of a journey another way.

He was of the frank, fair, Anglo-Saxon type, with the well-balanced features of the old virile stock—born to be a good fighter in a good cause. But now—Heaven help him!—he was making no fight at all. He lay on the outside of the cot, just where the hurried stretcher-bearers had dropped him. His long hair was tangled in heavy skeins. His uniform, which he still wore, was wet and caked and stained from the ooze of some pool out of which they had plucked him—some ditch where he had fallen or some marsh-floored tent that had been his sick-bed. His heavy boots, split and cut and ground away in many marches, were clogged with old gray mud.

Someway, those boots looked heartbreaking, with their rags and slashes and thin spots and their lumps of gritty clay.

"We've stuck it out together," they said. "It's been long and hard, and it's hurt a lot. But we've stuck it out together—him and us. And now the journey's done."

He lay on his back, with his eyes shut, apparently unconscious, only a flicker of life yet delaying the end. His arms dropped parallel with his body, and the two hands, palms uppermost, seemed inexpressibly pitiful, helpless, empty; empty—and so young!

Eastman touched the boy's forehead.

Slowly the eyes opened. The gaze was intelligent enough, but indifferent—sad, with a sort of terrible, blank, negative misery, and indifferent beyond the reach of challenge. The heavy lids fell again. No movement of the lips answered the visitor's gently repeated question and appeal. Eastman glanced up into the face of the chief nurse. She shook her head.

"Homesickness," she whispered. "No use. We can't shake it. *It* got him first. He'll be gone to-morrow. I saw that when they brought him in. You can't mistake the look. That's why I let him lie and went on to the others that we can save or help."

Eastman knew that she spoke the truth. And yet his soul rebelled within him.

"Anyway, he shall die in a clean shirt!" he exclaimed.

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"Here, orderly, take off this man's clothes and put a clean nightshirt on him at once."

"Yes, sir," and the attendant proceeded with the task as the officer passed on to the next cot.

Eastman walked the length of the wards, assuring himself as to each case, speaking with the patients, making notes of action to take. Then, still drawn by an aching memory of the face in the first bed, he began to retrace his steps.

The boy looked so like a dozen others that he knew and loved up in those great New Hampshire hills—good, sturdy, wholesome, valiant lads; honorable, merry, full of life and grit and the will to conquer any odds. Must he go under now, so cheaply, without even a wound?

But here in the hospital one learned this curious fact:

Nostalgia—homesickness—can slay its hundreds where bullets and disease slay one. Homesickness, setting its mysterious grip upon a man already weakened by lowered vitality, will carry him out of the world when no sufficient physical cause exists in his body therefor, and in spite of the best care and skill that doctor and nurse can provide.

Homesickness is brother to the Dark Angel himself. The man on whom its cold hand is laid loosens and still loosens his hold on life, resisting distraction with a sort of passive vehemence, until at last he dies—dies, in effect, from nothing in the world but homesickness.

"Poor chap! Poor little shaver! Born to be an Ethan Allen, and going out empty-handed, without honor or recompense, with a blank record, back into the great unknown; and all for that frozen magic—that icy curse!"

And then a grip closed on Eastman's arm, as the good head nurse, for once betrayed by surprise into manifest excitement, began pushing him up the aisle.

"For Heaven's sake," she whispered, eagerly, "come quick and see that boy now!"

In another moment the two stood looking down with unfeigned astonishment on the so lately moribund soldier.

The orderly had taken off the boy's battered old boots and his wet and mud-stained uniform, had put a clean nightshirt on him and had laid him between the sheets. But of those strange, new sensations, comforting as they must have been to one in normal mind, the sick boy had taken no heed at all. With dull eyes and flaccid limbs he submitted to whatever came. Indeed, he was very weak and weary—almost done with the world.

The orderly laid him back on the pillow easily. He made no sign of thanks or of relief. Drawing the blankets into place, the orderly moved away.

And in another two minutes that very same man, wide-eyed, was chasing down the ward after the head nurse.

"Come look at Number One, ma'am—he's crazy," he urged. "Come!"

In very fact, the boy had undergone in a moment of time a marvelous change. He who had lain as if almost dead, deaf to every appeal, inert, was sitting up in the bed, laughing, crying, gasping a little, while the color showed clear in his cheeks. But crazy—no; for the light in his eyes was sane.

"What is it, boy?" asked Eastman, gently.

"Golly! Just see what I've got!"

The lad opened his clasped hands, showing between them a half-sheet of note-paper.

It was pink, water-marked in little lozenges, and covered with fine, careful writing, in a girl's hand.

"Read it," he cried. "It was here," and he laid his hand on his breast. "Read it out loud, quick!"

Eastman read:

"*Dear New Hampshire Soldier-Boy:*

"Don't ever forget us here at home, your own folks, up in your own hills, because we never, never forget you. We think of you and pray for you *all the time*, that you may get well quick and help win the war and come back home to us. We have *such* a welcome waiting for you, just *waiting for you to come!* I have made this nightshirt for you the very best I can and put this in your pocket for you to read, so you can know it is from

"Your true friend,"

And then followed, in signature, a girl's name.

"Is she your sweetheart?" asked Eastman.

"No. I never heard tell of her before. But there *is* folks named that in New Hampshire. Here, give it back, please. I—I *want* it!"

The boy set himself to staring at the little pink leaf as though it contained some priceless secret written between the lines.

"Ain't it *wonderful?*" he whispered, shyly, looking up with shining eyes.

"There's nobody kin of mine to write to me. I didn't know it would hurt so bad till I got away. And I hadn't heard a word from the old State for a year—'way down in this God-forsaken mud. It was worse'n bein' dead. Even ghosts can haunt where they want to be. And now—look at this! Just—look—at this!"

Then, turning in the cot with a sudden, whole-souled shadow of a shout: "Here, where's that orderly chap? I want something to eat, quick. I'm gol-durned *hungry!*"

Eastman and the head nurse looked at each other in happy understanding.

"*He'll* do!" said the woman, out of the depths of experience. "That ridiculous three-cornered note has done what the doctors, you, and I, and President Lincoln himself couldn't touch. It's actually saved life—that one little word from home."

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

PROFESSOR FARRAND has written a very unusual book.[1] Indeed, this is not stating the case with sufficient emphasis. He has written a book such as has not hitherto appeared dealing with American history. There have been excellent special studies of special features of our history; as, for example, Professor Turner's really noteworthy studies of the frontier, to which Professor Farrand expresses his acknowledgment. There have been efforts made, as in McMaster's history, to write exhaustive works on the social and industrial development of the Nation. But this is the first time that there has been produced a balanced study of moderate length which escapes being a mere sketch or abstract. Nothing is easier than to write history as a collection of dates under which is arranged a stream of more or less notable but entirely disconnected incidents. Nothing is harder than to write a history which shall in any degree portray the really vital matters of growth and change in a people. It is this feat which Mr. Farrand has attempted and has successfully achieved.

He deals with names, whether of statesmen or of battles, only when it is absolutely necessary thereby to indicate the course of events. It is the heart of these events with which he is concerned. Of the wars we are told enough only to show in broadest outline why and how they were fought. Professor Farrand writes with an impersonality that almost amounts to aloofness. His brief but telling summaries of the tangled skein of motives, purposes, passions, ethical considerations, and economic conditions which led up to the Revolutionary War and the Civil War mark the work of a high and genuine historical spirit. His analysis of the less striking and less picturesque but equally important movements which during longer periods of peace so profoundly changed our National prosperity and our National character is no less striking.

The studies of the successive phases of our political life—not always lovely!—down to and including the rise of the boss system, and the keen appreciation of the stages of our economic growth, are not merely keen, but are marked by an understanding of living forces which is exceedingly rare among trained scholars, whose lives are of necessity passed mainly in the library.

This is a delightful book to read, and a most illuminating and instructive book to study.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[1] The Development of the United States from Colonies to a World Power. By Max Farrand, Professor of History at Yale University. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

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WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH AUSTRIA AND THE BALKAN NATIONS?

THE VIEWS OF AN INFLUENTIAL RUMANIAN

There is now temporarily living in New York a Rumanian gentleman who has held responsible official positions in his country. He is by education and experience familiar with the political and economic questions of Russia and of southeastern Europe. While Rumania was still at war, he visited Europe and the United States for the purpose of making important purchases in connection with the interests of his country. At the present time he does not return to Rumania because that country is under the domination of Germany, and he will not subject himself to that domination. At our request he gives our readers, in the following answers to five questions which we have put to him, some of the important facts about the situation in eastern Europe. We have satisfied ourselves that he speaks with knowledge, and that his opinions may be relied upon as those of a man thoroughly conversant with the subject, although for obvious reasons we cannot give his name. As the title indicates, the opinions expressed are the personal views of the author. His solution of the Austrian problem, for example, we regard as questionable; but we wholly concur in his argument for a declaration of war upon Bulgaria and Turkey.—THE EDITORS.

I. Why did Rumania make war on Germany and then make peace with Germany?

Seven nations compose the Balkan group of peoples—Greece, Turkey, Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Rumania. Of these seven, Rumania is the only nation of Latin origin. Its very name is taken from ancient Rome. Turkey and Bulgaria are of Mongolian origin; Serbia and Montenegro are pure Slav. Greece, of course, dates, as every one knows, from the classical times. Up to the time of the first Balkan War in 1912, Rumania was, with the exception of Turkey, the largest both in territory and in population of the seven Balkan nations. The first Balkan war was made by Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece upon Turkey. In that war Rumania was neutral. Upon the defeat of Turkey in that war, Greece, Bulgaria, and Serbia quarreled as to the proceeds of the conquest. This resulted in the second Balkan war, of Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro upon Bulgaria. That war was in the condition of a drawn contest when, with the approval of the western European Powers, Rumania interfered by sending an army of four hundred thousand men towards Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria. Whereupon Bulgaria yielded and agreed to attend the peace conference at Bucharest, the capital of Rumania, in July, 1913, at which the famous Treaty of Bucharest was signed. It should be remembered that this was all done under the influence of the western European Powers, including Great Britain. Rumania asked for a slight addition to that part of her territory which lies upon the Black Sea and is known as the Dobrudja, and the territorial readjustments of the other Balkan peoples made Rumania the largest and most powerful of the Balkan nations. Since that time, naturally, Bulgaria has not cherished a cordial friendship for Rumania.

The southeastern part of Hungary, which adjoins Rumania, is known as Transylvania. The great majority of the inhabitants of Transylvania are Rumanians in origin, in language, in customs, and in sympathy. In 1866 Austria, which had an agreement with Transylvania to protect it and guarantee its autonomy, gave to Hungary the right to govern and dominate it. This was done against the protest of the Transylvanians. Rumanians therefore look upon Transylvania as the Italians look upon that portion of Austria which is known as *Italia Irredenta*. This much of history is necessary to understand why Rumania went into the European war on the side of the Allies.

First, as Rumania is a Latin nation, her sympathies have always been with France as against Germany. Bulgaria aligned herself on the side of Germany and her allies before Rumania made her decision. The Rumanian people therefore felt that it was necessary for them to join the Allies in order to protect themselves against the growing power of Bulgaria on the south, and perhaps with the hope of obtaining Transylvania, which she believed belonged to her, and thus unite the Rumanian people if the Allies should be victorious. She was encouraged in this purpose by the Allies, who believed or hoped that, with Russia, Rumania could crush Austria and thus bring the war to a quick end. This briefly explains why Rumania went into the war. Now it remains for me to answer your question as to why she made peace with Germany.

A glance at a map will show that Rumania has a frontier on Austria-Hungary of six hundred miles, and on Bulgaria along the Danube of about two hundred miles. She thus had, with an army of less than half a million men, to protect a frontier as long as that of the western front which the Entente Allies are defending with millions of men. Being assured that the Allies would take care of her Bulgarian front on the Danube, she threw her half million men upon the Hungarian and Austrian frontier. The Allies proposed to fulfill this obligation by supplying Rumania with munitions and by having a Russian army come down through the Dobrudja against Bulgaria. Russia collapsed, and the Bulgarian frontier was left unprotected. Whereupon the troops of the Central Powers, controlled by Germany and under the command of General von Mackensen, swept into Rumania through Serbia and across the Danube, took Bucharest, forced the Rumanian Government into the northern part of her territory, and she was compelled, in order to avoid absolute destruction, to make peace. Rumania resisted to the last, being in the war for two years, from 1916 until the spring of 1918. She was compelled to make peace because of famine, because of the occupation of the greater part of her territory by Germany, and because she was cut off absolutely from all her allies. To-day Rumania is practically a vassal of Germany, because, while there is a nominal peace between Germany and Rumania, as there is between Germany and Russia, Germany has done exactly with Rumania what she has done with Russia after the so-called treaty of Brest-Litovsk. And to-day Rumania is suffering from famine and needs the aid of her former allies, and especially of America, quite as much as Serbia or Belgium.

II. Should the United States declare war on Bulgaria and Turkey?

The fact that the United States is not at war with Bulgaria and Turkey is of great importance for various reasons. The first is that the Allies should maintain not only a military and political solidarity, but a moral solidarity; for this war rests, first of all, upon moral principles. That the United States is not at war with Bulgaria and with Turkey has made and is making a very bad impression upon the people, if not upon the Governments, of western and southeastern Europe. This is perfectly apparent to any one who reads the newspapers of those countries. It is true that the United States has broken off diplomatic relations with Turkey, but she still maintains relations of friendship with Bulgaria. This fact that she is on friendly terms with a bitter enemy of her own allies cannot help but produce a feeling of doubt in the minds of some of those allies, and especially among the people of Rumania, Serbia, Montenegro, Albania, and Greece, who have the best reasons for fear and hatred of Bulgaria. At the outset Italy declared war only upon Austria and not upon Germany. This inconsistency was attacked by the newspapers both of Italy and of Germany, the German people saying, "We must present a solid front to the foe, and we must make war on the enemy of our ally, Austria." The result was that German troops were sent to the Austro-Italian frontier, and finally Italy was compelled to declare war upon Germany for moral reasons quite as much as for military reasons. In this respect we can perhaps learn a lesson from our enemies. Rumania also furnishes an illustration on this point. In August, 1916, she declared war only upon Austria. Less than a week later Germany telegraphed to the Rumanian Government at its capital, Bucharest, saying, in effect: "You have made war on our ally. We consider you our enemy for that reason, and declare war upon you." Bulgaria did the same, although Rumania had made no declaration of war against her. It is because of this principle of solidarity—solidarity of purpose and unity of action—by Ger-

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many and her allies that they have made the great success that they have in the first four years of the war.

Second, in spite of denials by pro-Bulgarians, it may be asserted that the German General Staff, which has absolute military control of all the operations of the Central Powers, has sent Bulgarian troops to the French front, and they are there actually opposed to their friends, the American soldiers. It seems to me that American fathers and mothers can hardly tolerate the killing of their sons by Bulgarian troops whom the American Government treats as friends. I know of my own knowledge that Rumanians living in Transylvania have been compelled by force to go with Austrian troops into Belgium and France and Italy, and this confirms my assertion that Bulgarian troops, under the command of Prussia, are transported to all parts of the front.

Third, a part of the education essential for the encouragement of both the military and the civil population of a nation at war is to cultivate a spirit of antagonism and of hatred for the enemy. This is done in the United States with regard to the Germans. You see it everywhere—in your newspapers, in your moving-picture shows, in your theaters, in private conversation, and even in your churches. But nothing of this kind is done officially against the Turks and the Bulgarians, who have been guilty of atrocities and inhumanities quite equal to those of the Germans. How could there be when your Government permits the Bulgarian Minister to remain in Washington on the same friendly terms upon which the Ambassador from France or the Ambassador from England lives there?

Fourth, I do not need to add what The Outlook has already called attention to several times, that, if the Bulgarian Minister is an honorable representative of his country, it is his duty to report to his country, and thus to Germany, all the important information he can obtain about military movements and preparations in the United States. Do the mothers and fathers of American soldiers crossing on your transports want in Washington, with access to all the information that can be obtained there, the agent of one of Germany's partners who could if he desired transmit information which might readily lead to the sinking of a transport? I do not assert that he has sent such information, but I simply say that the fact that he is the representative of one of the Central Powers fills one's soul with doubt and questioning about the situation. I admit that there are many Bulgarians, as there are many Germans, in the United States who do not at all sympathize with the political or military policy of their Government. I feel quite sure that there are many Bulgarians here who would like to aid the United States by giving information or in other ways, but are prevented from doing so by fear of the Bulgarian Minister at Washington and his power. I myself have talked with a Bulgarian since I have been in New York, who said to me: "I would like to tell you some things, but I do not dare to do so, for if it should get to the ears of the Bulgarian Minister in Washington he could make it very uncomfortable for me."

Fifth, when Germany desires to do some piece of propaganda or destructive work in the United States, like the blowing up of factories, or maintaining wireless stations, or sinking steamships in harbor, or such acts, all of which she has been guilty of in the past, it is much easier for her to do it with a partner's representative sitting in Washington and recognized by the Government.

It has been said to me since I have been here that the United States should refrain from making war on Turkey because of the great educational interests which the United States has in the Turkish Empire, such as Robert College at Constantinople, and that if the American Government makes war upon Turkey the work of these institutions will be destroyed. This motive cannot be treated as a serious one. When so many millions of souls have been sacrificed and so many countries have been destroyed to attain the objects of this great war, it is out of place to jeopardize the purposes and principles of this conflict in order to save Robert College. To lose Robert College would be nothing in comparison with the incalculable sacrifices which humanity has made in this war for liberty.

III. What should be done with the Austro-Hungarian Empire?

Many writers think that Austria-Hungary must be dismembered; but to arrive at this result requires one of two hypotheses. The first is that the Central Powers receive an absolute military defeat, and that the territory of Germany and Austria-Hungary be occupied by the Allied armies. The second hypothesis is that Germany should voluntarily consent to such a dismemberment.

The first hypothesis, which we all ardently desire, is yet too far distant to be admitted. If we accept the figures given by Chéradame, Germany has now under her control twenty-two million soldiers. The hope of the Allies now rests almost entirely on the United States, which is able to send many millions of soldiers to Europe; but that will take a long time. And we have now still another interesting and complicated problem—that of Russia. Russia has 160,000,000 inhabitants, and in man power she is able to produce many millions of soldiers—even more than the United States. It is certain that Russia will re-enter the war; but it is not so certain whether she will enter on the side of the Allies or on the side of Germany. That depends upon the struggle which is now going on between the influence in Russia of the Allies and that of Germany. If Russia finally throws herself in with Germany, the force and power of the United States will be counterbalanced and the situation of the Allies will then be a very difficult one. If Russia, however, goes with the Allies, Germany is hopelessly lost. The present victories of the Allies at the moment ought not to make us lose our heads. We should calmly look into the future, and we should never lose sight of the power of Germany in organizing propaganda. She is now carrying on a work of propaganda in Russia beyond the conception, I am afraid, of most Americans.

The first hypothesis, that to dismember Austria-Hungary the Allies must occupy German and Austrian territory, cannot be settled until the Russian problem is settled, because, if Russia becomes thoroughly Germanized, Germany will be unconquerable, at least for a long time to come.

My second hypothesis was the consent of Germany to a partition of Austria-Hungary. If Germany should consent to such a partition, which is so improbable as to be hardly worth discussing, she would do it only if she took the twelve millions of Germans who now live in the Austrian Empire. There would then be a greatly augmented Germany, with from eighty to a hundred millions of population, with a number of small nations formed of the remaining portion of Austria-Hungary and dominated by Germany economically and politically. The great disadvantage to Europe of a Germany augmented in this way would more than outweigh any supposed advantage of giving the Jugoslavs, Bohemians, etc., etc., their independence. In my opinion, the only possible practical solution is to give back, if the Allies win, that portion of the Austro-Hungarian Empire known as *Italia Irredenta* to Italy and Transylvania to Rumania, because in those territories the population is practically compact, Italian in the one case, Rumanian in the other, and then to form a group of states on the ethnological principle, such as a Slavic state, a German state, a Hungarian state, a Bohemian state—all to be federated under a constitutional monarchy administered by some Austrian ruling house. In this case the twelve millions of Germans now living in Austria would be one of these federated states.

IV. What should be done at the peace table with the Balkan States, including Rumania?

The Balkan question presents difficulties even greater perhaps than the problems of the future of Austria-Hungary. This is because in the Balkan Peninsula are found seven small states with very conflicting interests. The chief of these conflicting interests is found in the fact that in the old territory of Turkey in Europe, before the partition which followed the recent Balkan wars, are Serbians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Turks, and Rumanians, none of whom are satisfied with the terms of the partition. On the other hand, the great European Powers have in the past interfered in Balkan politics without understanding either their own real interests or the interests of the Balkan peoples themselves. The first Balkan War found the Balkan nations in the most perfect accord that they have ever enjoyed in modern times—an accord which resulted from their common desire to drive Turkey out of Europe and to divide her territory among

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the Balkan peoples in accordance with the rights of each nation. In my judgment, if the European Powers had not interfered, notably Austria, with her intrigues, the Balkan question would have been largely settled by the first Balkan War. These intrigues of the Western Powers were due to their desire to maintain the old theory of the balance of power. Austria, for example, did not want Serbia to reach the Adriatic, nor did Italy want Greece to obtain the valuable port of Avlona. Therefore Austria and Italy combined to erect an independent Albania. At the same time, Germany did not want Turkey totally expelled from Europe because she needed the friendship of Turkey in order to carry out her plans of extending German influence in Asiatic Turkey.

The result of this interference of the European Powers was the creation of a fictitious Albanian state; the reduction of Turkish territory to a mere strip of land from which she could defend Constantinople and the Dardanelles; and the increasing demands of Bulgaria, encouraged by Austria, which led to the second Balkan War. The hatred and jealousy created by the second Balkan War and by the interference of the Western Powers are so strong that the Balkan question cannot now be settled amicably. If the Allies are victorious, in my judgment, they must insist upon it that Serbia shall reach the Adriatic, that Greece shall extend to Avlona, that Bulgaria shall be reduced in size, that Rumania shall have the entire Dobrudja, that Turkey shall be driven out of Europe and her European territory shall be divided between Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria, and that Constantinople shall be internationalized. This is the only practical solution of the Balkan question, and it must be determined and maintained by the concerted action of the Allies. Here again comes the difficulty which arises from America's technical friendship with Bulgaria and Turkey. If the Allies are to carry out the programme which I have suggested, they must do it with America's concurrence, and this would be very difficult for the American Government if it maintains its diplomatic friendship with Bulgaria and Turkey.

Germany has obtained her predominating influence in central and southeastern Europe by her economic and financial support of those regions. Let me give you one typical illustration. A few years before the war the present Prime Minister of Rumania, then a member of the Cabinet, said to his colleagues who shared his sympathies with France: "We are borrowing too much money of Germany and thus giving her too strong a hold upon us. Why do we not go to France?" "Very good," said his colleagues; "see what you can do." He went to Paris and attempted to negotiate a loan of fifty millions of dollars, but was very politely "turned down," as you say, by the Parisian bankers, who with the utmost tact and courtesy explained that they were too unfamiliar with the resources and economic conditions of Rumania to negotiate such a loan. Chagrined and unwilling to return home without the money, he then went to Berlin and was received with open arms. "Only fifty million dollars!" said the Berlin financiers. "That's too little. You ought to have a hundred millions." And they gave him readily what he needed. He learned that when the underwriting was completed the Parisian bankers had taken forty per cent of the loan because it had the moral indorsement of Berlin. If the people of the United States want peace, freedom, and democratic development in Europe, they must give or aid in giving the financial and economic support to the smaller nations which has been one of the most effective instruments of German domination.

V. What about Turkey in Europe and Constantinople?

The answer to this question is comprised in what I have just said about the Balkan situation.

In conclusion, I should like to say that, in my judgment, the Allies can reach a satisfactory victory only by their correct solution of the Balkan, the Austrian, and the Russian questions as I have outlined them. No military victory on the western front will destroy the menace of Pan-Germanism until the Balkan and Austrian territorial problems are settled and the economic and political problems of Russia are solved.

New York City, September 20, 1918.

ON NIGHT PATROL

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN DESTROYERS

BY HENRY B. BESTON

IT was the end of the afternoon. There was light in the western sky and on the winding bay astern, but ahead, leaden, still, and slightly tilted up to a gray bank of eastern cloud, lay the forsaken and beleaguered sea. The destroyer, nosing slowly through the gap in the nets by the harbor mouth, entered the swept channel, increased her speed, and, trembling to the growing vibration, hurried on into the dark. High, crumbling, and excessively romantic, the Irish coast behind her died away. Tragic waters lay before her. Whatever illusory friendliness men had read into the sea had vanished; the great leaden disk about the vessel seemed as insecure as a mountain road down whose length travelers cease from speaking for fear of avalanches. "A vast circular ambush." Somehow the beholder cannot help feeling that the waters should show some sign of the horrors they have seen. But the sea has swallowed all, memories as well as living men, engulfing a thousand wrecks as completely as time engulfs a thousand years.

The dark came swiftly, almost as if the destroyer had sailed to find it in that bank of eastern cloud. There was an interval of twilight—no dying glow, but a mere pause in the pale ebb of the day. The destroyer had begun to roll. Looking back from the bridge, one saw the lean, inconceivably lean, steel deck, the joints of the plates still visible, the guns to each side with their attendant crews, a machine gun swinging on a pivot like a weather-vane, the gently swaying bulk of the suspended motor dories and lifeboats, and the four great tubes of the funnels rising flush from the plates, and crowned with a tremble of vibration from the oil flames below. And all this lean world swung slowly from side to side, rocking as gently as a child's cradle, swayed as if by some gentle force from within.

The destroyer was out on patrol. A part of the threatened sea had been given to her to watch and ward. She was the guardian, the avenger.

The supper hour arrived. Men came in groups to the galley door, some to depart with steamy pannikins; there was a smell of good food very satisfying to children of earth. In the officers' ward-room, when dinner was over and the Negro mess boys were silently folding the white cloth, securing the chairs, and tidying up, those not on watch settled down to a friendly talk. All the lights except one bulb hanging over the table in a pyramidal tin shade had been switched off. It was very quiet. Now and then one could hear the splash of a wave against the side, a footfall on the deck overhead, or the tinkle of the knives and forks which the steward was putting away in a drawer. The hanging light swayed with the motion of the ship, trailing a pool of light up and down the oaken table. Cigarette smoke rose in wisps, and long, langorous Oriental coils to the clean ceiling. A sailor or two came in for his orders. Hushed voices talking apart, a direction to do this or that, a respectful, businesslike "Yes, sir," a quiet withdrawal by the only door. It was all very calm; it had the atmosphere of a cruise; yet those aboard might have been torpedoed any minute, struck a mine, crashed into a submarine fooling about too near the surface (this has happened), or been sunk in thirty seconds by some hurrying, furtive brute of a liner which would have ridden over them as easily as a snake goes over a branch. The talk flowed in many channels—on the problems of destroyers, on the adventures of other boats, on members of the crew soon to be advanced to commissioned rating, but under the thought and under the words could be discerned the one fierce purpose of these fighting lives:

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the will to strike down the submarine and open the lanes of the sea. Oh, the vigilance, the energy, the keenness, of the American patrol! There were tales of U-boats hiding in suspected bays, of merchantmen swiftly and terribly avenged, of voices that cried for help in the night, of lifeboats almost awash in foul waters, and of dead floating horribly. The war of the destroyer against the submarine is a matter of tragic melodrama.

The wandering glow of the swaying lamp was reflected from the varnished table now to one keen young face, now to another. "Running a destroyer is a young man's game," says the Navy. True enough. Pray do not imagine them as a crew of "hell-driving boys." The destroyer service is the achievement of the man in the early thirties, of the officer with a young man's vigor and energy and the resolution of maturity. After all, the Navy Department is not yet trusting vessels worth several million dollars and carrying over a hundred men to eager youngsters who have no background of experience to their energy, good will, and bravery. If you would imagine a destroyer captain, take your man of thirty-two or thirty-three, give him blue eyes, a keen, clear-cut face, essentially American in its features, a sailor's tan, and a sprinkling of gray hair. A type to remember, for to the destroyer captain more than to any other single figure do we owe our opportunity of winning the war.

The evening waned. The officers who were to go on watch at twelve stole off to get a little sleep before being called. The navigator and the senior engineer slept on the transoms of the wardroom. A junior officer lingered beneath the solitary ever-swinging light, reading a magazine. A little itch worked itself into the destroyer's motion, a swift upward leap, a little catch in mid-air, a descent ending in a quiver. The voice of the waters grew louder, there were hissing splashes, watery blows, bubbly gurgles.

The sleeping officers had not paused to undress. Nobody bothers to strip on a destroyer. There isn't time, and a man has to be ready on the instant for any eventuality.

The door giving on a narrow passageway to the deck opened, and as it stood ajar, the hissing of the water alongside invaded the silent room. A sailor in a blue reefer, a big lad with big hands and simple, friendly face, entered quietly, walked over to a transom and said;

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"All right, Simmons," said the engineer, sitting up and kicking off the clothes at once with a quick gesture; then he swung his legs over the side of the bunk, pulled on a coat and hat, and wandered out to take his trick at the bridge.

He found a lovely, starlit night, a night rich in serenity and promised peace, a night for lovers, a poet's night. There was phosphorescence in the water, and as the destroyer rolled from side to side now the guns and rails to port, now those to starboard, stood shaped against the spectral trail of foam running river-like alongside. One could see some distance ahead over the haunted plain. The men by the guns were changing watch; black figures came down the lane by the funnels. A sailor was drawing cocoa in a white enamel cup from a tap off the galley wall. The hatchway leading to the quarters of the crew was open; it was dark within; the engineer heard the wiry creak of a bunk into which some one had just tumbled. The engineer climbed two little flights of steps to the bridge. It was just midnight. It was very still on the bridge, for all of the ten or twelve people standing by. All very quiet and rather solemn. One can't escape from the rich melodrama of it all. The bridge was a little low-roofed space perhaps ten feet wide and eight feet long; it had a front wall shaped like a wide outward-pointing V; its sides and rear were open to the night. The handful of officers and men on watch stood at various points along the walls peering out into the darkness. Phosphorescent crests of low, breaking waves flecked the waters about; it was incredibly spectral. In the heart of the bridge burned its only light, a binnacle lamp burning as steadily as a light in the chancel of a darkened church; the glow cast the shadow of the helmsman and the bars of the wheel down upon the floor in radiations of light and shade like the stripes of a Japanese flag. The captain, keeping a sharp lookout over the bow, gave his orders now and then to the helmsman, a petty officer with a sober, serious face.

Suddenly there were steps on the companionway behind; the dark outline of some messenger appeared, a shadow on a background of shades. The sailor peered round for his chief, and said, "Mr. Andrews sent me up, sir, to report hearing a depth bomb or a mine explode at 12:25."

"Was it very loud, Williams?"

"Yes, sir; I should have said that it wasn't more than a few miles away. We all heard it quite distinctly down below."

Evidently some devil's work was going on in the heart of the darkness. The vibration had traveled through the water and had been heard, as always, in that part of the ship below the water-line.

Williams withdrew. The destroyer rushed on into the romantic night.

"Must have spotted something on the surface," said some one. A radio operator appeared with a sheaf of telegrams: "Submarine seen in latitude x and longitude y." "Derelict awash in position so and so." "Gun-fire heard off Cape Z at half-past eleven." It all had to do with the Channel zone to the south. The captain shoved the sheaf into a pocket of his jacket.

Suddenly through the dark was heard a hard, thundering pound.

"By jingo, there's another!" said somebody. "Near by, too. Wonder what's up?"

"Sounded more like a torpedo this time," said an invisible speaker in a heavy, dogged voice. A stir of interest gripped the bridge; one could see it in the shining eyes of the young helmsman. Two of the sailors discussed the thing in whispers; fragments of conversation might have been overheard—"No, I should have said off the port bow." "Isn't this about the place where the Welsh Prince got hers?" "Listen! didn't you hear something then?"

From somewhere in the distance came three long blasts—blasts of a deep roaring whistle.

"Something's up, sure!"

The destroyer, in obedience to an order of the captain, took a sharp turn to port, and, turning, left far behind a curving, luminous trail upon the sea. The wind was dying down. Again there were steps on the way.

"Distress signal, sir," said the messenger from the radio-room, a shock-haired lad who spoke with the precise intonation of a Bostonian.

The captain stepped to the side of the binnacle, lowered the flimsy sheet into the glow of the lamp, and summoned his officers. The message read "S. S. Zemblan,[1] position x. y. z., torpedoed, request immediate assistance."

An instant later several things happened all at once. The "general quarters" alarm bell, which sends every man to his station, began to ring, full speed ahead was rung on in the engine-room, and the destroyer's course was altered once more. Men began to tumble up out of the hatchways, figures rushed along the dark deck—there were voices, questions, names. The alarm bell rang as monotonously as an ordinary door-bell whose switch has jammed. But soon one sound, the roaring of the giant blowers sucking in air for the forced draught in the boiler-room, overtopped and crushed all other fragments of noise, even as an advancing wave gathers into itself and destroys pools and rills left along the beach by the tide. A roaring sound, a deep windy hum. Gathering speed at once, the destroyer leaped ahead. And even as violence overtook the lives and works of men, the calm upon the sea became ironically more than ever assuring and serene.

"Good visibility," said somebody on the bridge. "She can't be more than three miles away now. Hello, there's a rocket!"

A faint bronzy golden trail, suddenly flowering into a drooping cluster of darting white lights, gleamed for a fugitive instant among the westering winter stars.

"I saw her, sir!" cried one of the lookouts.

"Where is she, O'Farrell?"

"Quite a bit to the left of the rocket, sir. She's settling by the head."

The beautiful night closed in again. O'Farrell and the engineer continued to peer out into the dark. Suddenly both of them cried out, using exactly the same words at exactly the same time, "Torpedo off the port bow, sir!"

The thing had become visible in an instant. It could be seen

[1] Zemblan is of course a fictitious name.

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as a rushing white streak in the dark water, and was coming towards the destroyer with the speed of an express train, coming like a bullet out of a gun.

"Hard over!" cried the captain. The wheel spun, the roaring, trembling ship turned in the dark. A strange thing happened. Just as the destroyer had cleared the danger line the torpedo, as if actuated by some malevolent intelligence, porpoised, and actually turned again towards the vessel. The fate of the destroyer lay on the knees of the gods. Those on the bridge instinctively braced themselves for the shock. The affair seemed to be taking a long time, a terribly long time. An instant later the contrivance rushed through the foaming wake of the destroyer only a few yards astern, and, continuing on, disappeared in the calm and glittering dark. A floating red light suddenly appeared just ahead, and at the same moment all caught sight of the Zemblan.

She was hardly more than half a mile away. Somebody aboard her had evidently just thrown over one of those life-buoys with a self-igniting torch attachment, and this buoy burned a steady orange red just off that side on which the vessel was listing. The dark, stricken, motionless bulk leaned over the little pool of orange radiance. Gleaming in a fitful pool round the floating torch, one could see vague figures working on a boat by the stern, and one figure walking briskly down the deck to join them. There was not a sign of any explosion—no breakage, no splintered wood. Some ships are stricken and go to their death in flames and eddying steam—go to their death as a wounded soldier goes. Other ships resemble a strong man suddenly stricken by some incurable and mysterious disease. The unhappy Zemblan was of this latter class. There were two boats on the water, splashing their oars with the calm regularity of the college crews; there were inarticulate and lonely cries.

Away from the light, and but vaguely seen against the midnight sky, lay a British patrol boat which had happened to be very close at hand. And other boats were signaling: "Zemblan—am coming." A sloop signaled the destroyer that she would look after the survivors. Cries were no longer heard. Round and round the ship in great sweeps went the destroyer, seeking a chance to be of use—to avenge. Other vessels arrived, talked by wireless, and disappeared before they had been more than vaguely seen.

Just after two o'clock the Zemblan's stem rose in the air and hung suspended motionless. The tilted bulk might have been a rock thrust suddenly out of the deep towards the starry sky. Then suddenly, as if released from a pose, the stern plunged under—plunged as if it were the last act of the vessel's conscious will.

The destroyer cruised about till dawn. A breeze sprang up with the first glow of day and scattered the little wreckage which had floated silly-solemnly about. Nothing remained to tell of an act more terrible than murder, more base than assassination.

The captain gave one searching glance over the awakened sea and ordered the destroyer back to her patrol.

"FEAR NOT THEM"

BY EDWARD J. HARDING

Alas for all the ruin and the woe
Of this devouring war! the young lives quelled,
The tortured bodies, and the hearts that bleed,
Kingdoms enslaved, and deserted homes!
But there are powers invulnerable to you,
Proud warriors, that shall build the world anew.

Will ye put out the sun's eternal fire,
And rend the crimson curtain of the dawn?
Turn roaring ocean to a slimy pool,
And smirch the crystals of the falling snow?
Level the mountain bastions, and unmake
The mirrored skies and forests of the lake?

Can ye destroy the majesty of night,
The lovely moon unveiling silently,
The sparkling of the innumerable stars,
The stealing awe, the impassioned ecstasy
Of souls upborne to heavenly heights sublime,
Conscious of God, and conquerors of time?

What, will ye paralyze the painter's hand,
And hush the echoes of the poet's hymn?
Shall music's lingering sweetness bring no more
Such peace as when an angel passes nigh?
Shall apple blossoms lose their delicate hue,
And beauty flee the world because of you?

Think ye to make of love a pestilence,
And ban for heresy the mother's kiss?
Shall man his noblest faculties forego,
High-hearted hope, imagination fair,
And all that's genial, all that's glad and sweet,
Trampling the pearls of heaven with swinish feet?

Go to! Your force is naught, your victories vain!
Slaves of illusion, ye for shadows war;
Not yours to alter or obliterate
The glowing thoughts of the Immortal Mind;
On transitory things ye work your will;
The quickening spirit of God abideth still.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

TEXTS AND THEMES FOR THE TIMES

A FRIEND called my attention the other day to an advertisement announcing that the minister in a prominent church in his neighborhood would preach the following Sunday on "How to Choose a Husband." This might have been a good theme for a humorous essay by Dr. Crothers or for one of E. S. Martin's inimitable editorials in "Life." But it hardly seems worthy of a successor of Isaiah and Paul, of Savonarola and Massillon, of John Wesley and Phillips Brooks. And it set me wondering whether there were many preachers in America as hard pressed for a theme; and, then, what are the themes which should inspire the sermons of the preachers of to-day? This paper is the result of some reflections upon this subject.

I am very doubtful about the wisdom of advertising sermon topics. Such advertising tends to make both preacher and people think of the sermon as a lecture and of the service as mere "preliminary exercises." It tends to make the preacher select topics which he thinks will draw rather than topics which he thinks will minister to life. It tends to make the people look at the Sunday morning newspaper for a preacher who announces a title which arouses their curiosity, and choose their church accordingly. And it tends to make them think that if the advertising minister makes no announcement of his topic he has nothing of importance to say on that Sunday. When I first went to Plymouth Church, a reporter of the New York "World" called my house up by the telephone every Sunday morning to ask if I had preached on "anything in particular" that morning; and my children, one of whom generally went to the

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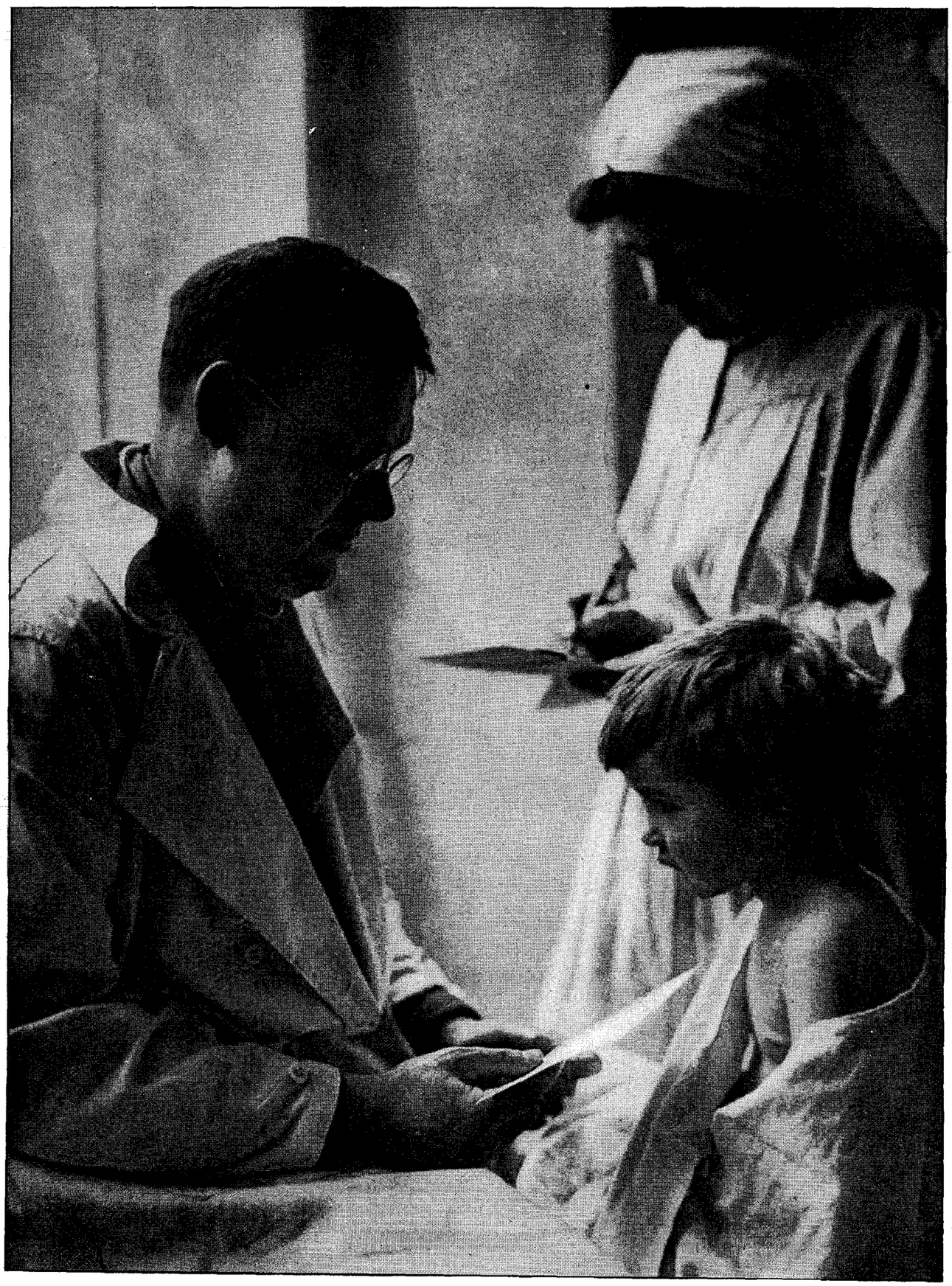

Photograph from Paul Thompson

SAVING FRENCH CHILDREN—THE BENEFICENT WORK OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AND THE ROCKEFELLER COMMISSION

The mother of the little boy, Henri, has tuberculosis; but an American doctor and a French nurse are determined that he shall escape the scourge and grow up to be a useful and happy citizen of France. The picture was taken in one of the dispensaries in which the American Red Cross and the Rockefeller Commission for the *Prevention* of Tuberculosis in France are fighting the disease in a factory quarter of Paris

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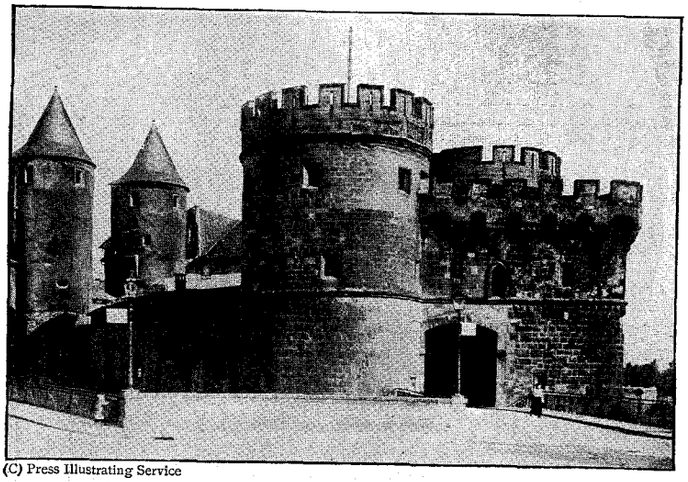

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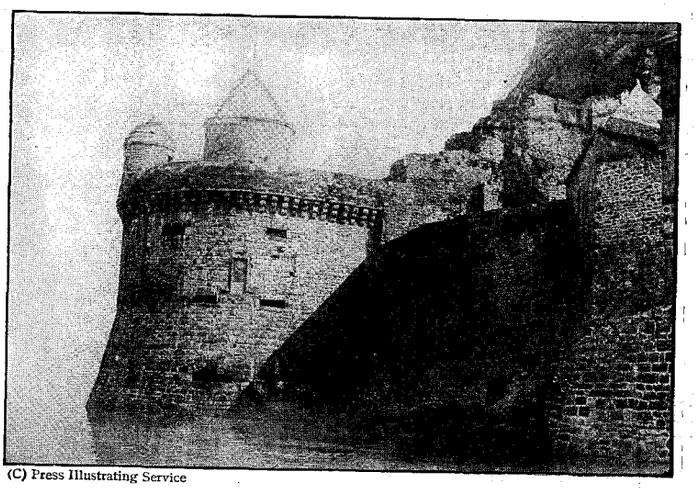
OLD TOWERS OF METZ, GERMANY



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AN OLD FORT OF ST. MIHIEL, FRANCE

MEDIÆVAL DEFENSES OF FAMOUS TOWNS NEAR THE AMERICAN FRONT

These ancient defensive works are picturesque elements of the towns in which they are situated, but are of insignificant value as fortifications in the present war

Paul Thompson

SCHOOL CHILDREN IN A FRENCH VILLAGE CLUSTERING AROUND A FRIEND

This English Red Cross doctor has helped to provide food for these hungry little ones, and their appreciation is evident

(C) Western Newspaper Union

NEW YORK CITY NEWSBOYS LEARNING "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" ON NATIONAL ANTHEM DAY

The birthday of our National song was celebrated at the City Hall in New York City on September 14 with special ceremonies. These boys "participated"

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(C) Harris & Ewing

MRS. NEWTON D. BAKER AND MME. TAMAKI MIURA

Mrs. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, and Mme. Tamaki Miura, Japanese prima donna, are helping to win the war by singing inspiriting songs in our soldiers' camps and cantonments

International Film Service

A SHELL FROM "BIG BERTHA" FALLS IN A PARIS STREET

Few pictures of the effects of the bombardment of Paris have been seen. This one shows the result of a shot from the distant German cannon—the only victim being a horse. The civilians seem unscared

(C) Western Newspaper Union

CAPTAIN ARCHIE ROOSEVELT HOME FROM FRANCE

Captain Roosevelt, son of ex-President Roosevelt, was wounded in France last March. He distinguished himself under fire and won the Croix de Guerre. The picture, a snap-shot, was taken on Fifth Avenue, New York

(C) Mole & Thomas, Chicago

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY PERSONIFIED BY U. S. TROOPS

This ingenious formation of soldiers to represent the Statue of Liberty was made at Camp Dodge, Iowa, recently. Eighteen thousand men standing on the parade-ground are shown in the photograph, which was taken from a high tower

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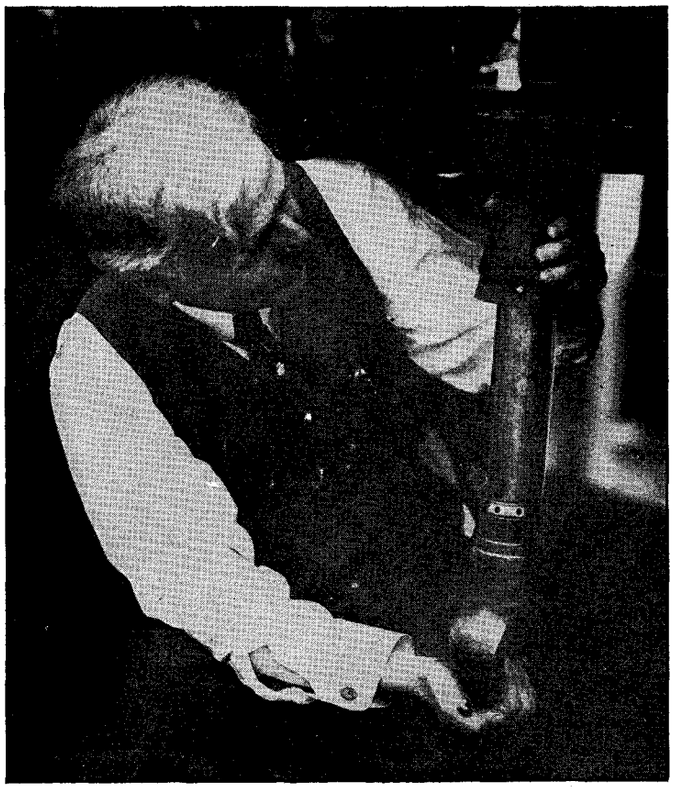
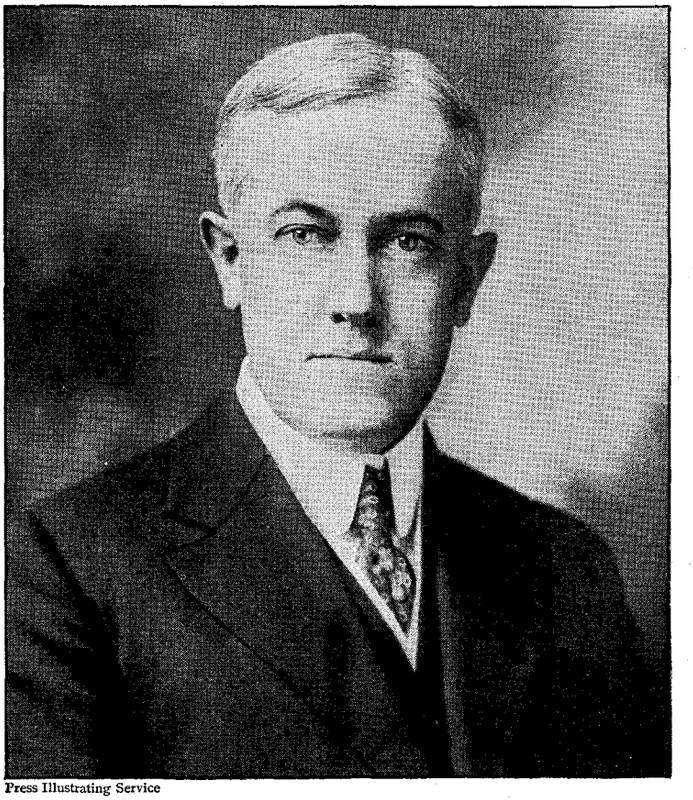


SEATTLE'S MAYOR WORKING IN THE SHIP-YARDS

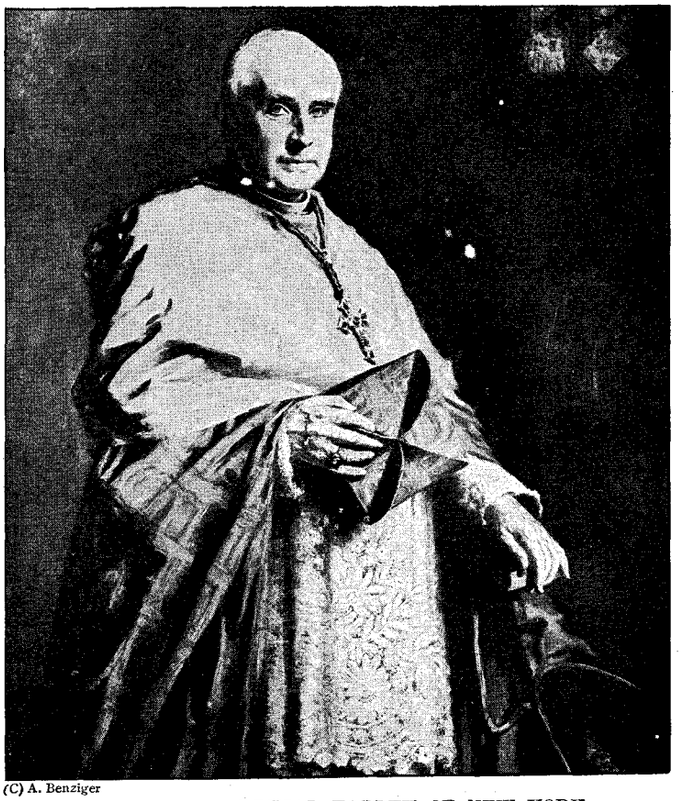
Ole Hanson, Mayor of Seattle, has donned overalls and gone to work in a shipbuilding plant to help solve the labor shortage problem



Press Illustrating Service

JOHN W. DAVIS, AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN

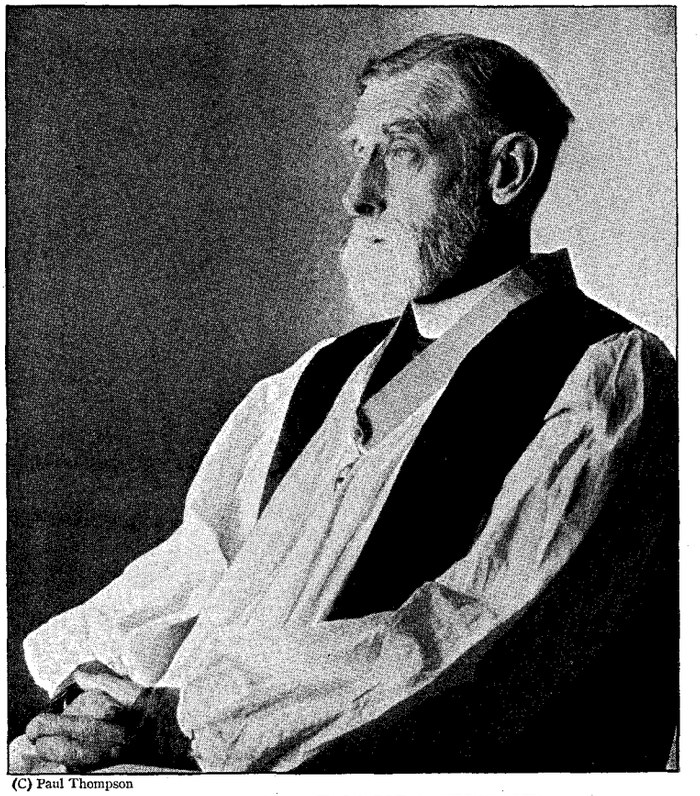
Mr. Davis is Solicitor-General of the United States. He was born in Clarksburg, West Virginia, in 1873. See editorial comment on his appointment



(C) A. Benziger

THE LATE CARDINAL FARLEY, OF NEW YORK

Cardinal Farley, one of the great dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church in America, was born in Ireland in 1842. He died in New York City, September 17. See editorial comment on his character and work



(C) Paul Thompson

BISHOP GORE, OF OXFORD, ENGLAND

The Bishop of Oxford (Rt. Rev. Charles Gore) is now visiting the United States on a special mission to promote Anglo-American friendship. He has held many high ecclesiastical offices in the Church of England

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telephone, took great delight in replying, "Nothing particular." After a few weeks the telephone calls ceased.

The preacher ought to preach to the times. He ought to deal with great principles, but he ought to apply those principles to the life of the community and to the needs of the times in which he lives. If he takes for his text, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," he will find it difficult to interest his congregation in an account of what the luminous life of the apostles and the martyrs of the early Church did to promote Christianity, if this constitutes the substance of his sermon; but he can be reasonably sure of both interest and profit to his congregation if he can tell them how to make their lives so luminous that their companions in society and business will see in them something of the glory of the Father who dwells with them and in them. If he takes for his text, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God," and delivers a historical lecture on what the Jews had to do to make it possible for God to lead them out of captivity into their native land, his auditors will be glad when the lecture is over; but if he can show them what patriotic Americans can do in this year of our Lord 1918 to make their country a leader toward a greater light and a larger life of liberty in the world, his sermon will be listened to with interest and may become the theme of discussion in the town during the following week.

To illustrate this general purpose I venture to suggest to the ministerial readers of The Outlook some texts and themes for their consideration in the campaign of the Church for this fall and winter.

"*In the name of our God we will set up our banners.*"

Have there ever been any wars in which either of the combatants could set up their banners in the name of God? Can the Christian historian specify such wars? Is the present such a war? If so, why? It has been said that "war is hell" and that "there never was a good war nor a bad peace." Are these statements true? If so, how can we reconcile them with the saying, "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."

"*If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.*"

When is it possible? Is it ever impossible? When can we live peaceably? When must we refuse to live peaceably? What principles are there to guide the boy in the school, the merchant in his business, the woman in society, the nation in its international relations?

"*My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you.*"

What is the difference between Christ's peace and the world's peace? When may we pursue a spirit of compromise and conciliation, and when must we refuse to do so?

"*O ye hypocrites! ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?*"

What does Christ mean by the signs of the times? Why does he accuse the Pharisees of hypocrisy because they do not discern the signs of the times? How can we discern the signs of our times? What are some of the signs of our times?

"*Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.*"

Is there good reason for believing that God is in the world working out his predetermined plans? If so, how can we know his way in contemporaneous history? We are told to follow him. How can we follow him if we do not know in what direction he is going?

"*Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.*" "*If a man hate not his father, and mother, and wife, he cannot be my disciple.*"

What do these and similar Scripture texts mean? Are they ethical truths? Is hate ever right? If so, when? What makes hate wrong?

"*That he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.*"

Is it necessary always to be just? Is it possible always to be merciful? Can we reconcile justice and mercy? Can we be at the same time and to the same offender both just and merciful? On what conditions does God forgive the wrong-doer? On what conditions may the father in the family, the teacher in the school, the state in its administration, the nation in international dealing, forgive the wrong-doer?

"*This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*" "*I say unto you, Love your enemies.*"

Is love always the same spirit? Is there anything in common in love for an enemy and a mother's love for her children? What is there common in those two phases of love? Is there any difference between them? If so, what is the difference? Do *love* and *like* mean the same thing? Can we love one whom we do not like?

"*Canst thou by searching find out God?*"

If we cannot find him out by searching, how can we find him? God seems to the Mohammedan one kind of being, to the Buddhist another kind of being, to the Christian a third kind of being. How can we know which of these conceptions is true? Christ says that to know God is life eternal. How can we know him? Christ bids us when we pray to say, "Our Father." How can we know him as a child knows its father?

The questions which I have asked here are questions which in every community serious-minded men are asking of themselves and sometimes of each other. They have a right to look to the Christian minister, not perhaps for a complete answer to these questions, but certainly for a consideration of them and some light thrown upon them. Of course, here I am only giving illustrations of such questions; no complete and comprehensive statement is possible. Questions of the kind I have here suggested are innumerable. I am not recommending the minister to preach nothing but what are popularly called timely sermons, still less am I recommending him to preach nothing but war sermons.

On the contrary, I urge him to deal with principles applicable to other than war problems and war conditions, and applicable also to other than temporary incidents and passing events. The question as to how pupils in a school shall live peaceably together is as important for the welfare of the school as is the question how nations shall live peaceably together important to international welfare, and the principles are essentially the same. The counsels which Jesus Christ gave to his disciples for the settlement of personal controversies, reported in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, are as applicable to communities as to individuals, and the modern proposition to substitute for war judicial proceedings before an International Court is essentially an application of those counsels of Christ to international controversies.

Nor am I recommending that the minister merely quote Scripture to his congregation. That is the lazy preacher's way, and in our time very ineffective. He must deal with his congregation in the spirit of the prophet: "Come now and let us reason *together*." It must be added that the minister will not find much in his theological books or in his seminary memories to aid him directly in this preaching to the times. But he will find much in his Bible. Let him take his reference Bible, his Concordance, and his Topical Index to the Bible. Let him, with these aids to his own remembrances of the Bible teaching, look in the Bible itself for the answer to these and kindred questions; let him, by collating and comparing the various and sometimes apparently contradictory utterances of the Bible writers, work out for himself the general principle which underlies those utterances; let him, by a study of the life of his congregation and of his community, form a clear conception of what are the problems and perplexities of his people and a clear conception also how the principles which he has found in the prophets of the Old Testament and in the apostles of the New Testament, and especially in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, can be applied to illumine the path and lighten the loads of his people; then let him apply those principles, without fear and without favor, to those problems. If he will do this, though he may not secure a large congregation, he will not lack an attentive and generally a grateful one.

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THEY ALSO SERVE

The Story of a Remarkable Institution and the Opportunity It Offers Young Women

BY ROGER C. HOYT

"YES," said the kindly, efficient-looking superintendent, "we have just sent our Red Cross Unit 'over there,' one hundred strong, including many of our best nurses. It has made a serious breach in our nursing staff, but we

RED CROSS UNIT, KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL

are all very proud of our contribution to the glorious service of the Red Cross, and we hope possibly to send more nurses across later on."

"But hasn't this seriously affected your own work here at the Hospital, and how are you meeting the regular daily demand for nurses?" I asked her.

"Of course we miss so many of our best nurses," she replied, "but those who are left are glad to work all the harder, while the girls in our Training School here are rapidly filling in. We are all so proud of our Red Cross Unit that those of us who felt it our duty to remain behind still feel that we are also serving, though not perhaps in the front rank. But we are helping to make it possible for the others to go. The sick and helpless are always with us here, and in a great city like New York the hospitals are kept constantly filled. So there is a constant demand for trained nurses, and this demand is especially heavy when such a large number of nurses must be sent abroad.

"Just think what a wonderful opportunity presents itself to young women right now!" she continued, earnestly. "In this critical period of the world's history each of us is striving to be of service and to fit into some useful occupation. Our Training School is one of the best-equipped and best-managed in the country. We offer an opportunity to young women to learn a useful and highly regarded profession and at the same time truly to serve in what I may call our 'home guard.' For the sick at home must be taken care of just as much as our soldiers abroad. And our Training School graduates will always have a lucrative profession at their command should the need ever arise for self-support."

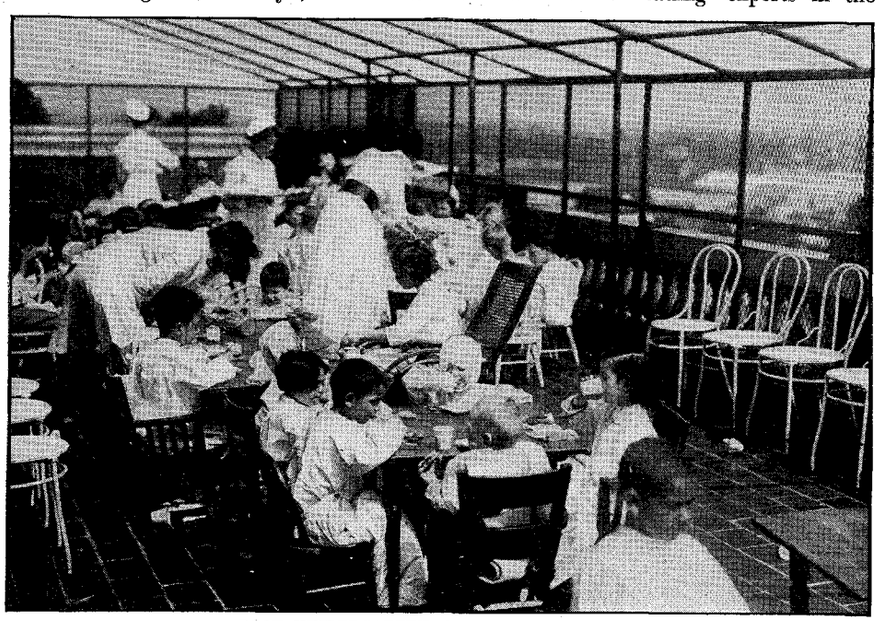
"Yes," said I, "Kings County Hospital has much to be proud of, and you offer an opportunity which I imagine many girls will quickly seize when they are told about it."

And so I decided to tell briefly something of this truly remarkable institution, and especially of its Training School for Nurses.

Kings County Hospital is one of the largest institutions maintained and operated by the city of New York. And yet with its beautiful grounds and surroundings and seclusion from the usual city noise and dirt it seemed to me more like a charming country resort. It is located on Long Island, in the Borough of Brooklyn, and in the distance one can catch a glimpse of the ocean. I had had no previous conception of the extent of its grounds or their general attractiveness, and as I approached the group of large buildings through an avenue of shade trees it struck me as an ideal spot for the care of the sick and for those who attend them. The Hospital grounds are extensive and well laid out, with large shade trees and well-kept lawns and flower gardens. In the rear are tennis-courts and a real war garden, where fresh vegetables are grown for the Training School.

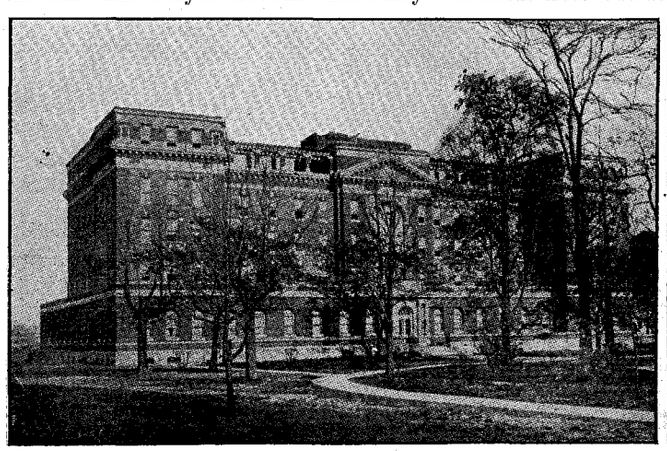
All of the buildings are very modern and fully equipped with the best of apparatus and sanitary appliances. I was told that this Hospital has been gradually built up through a period of over twenty years, and that the developments and improvements during that time have been truly remarkable. As this is strictly a charitable institution, all kinds of cases are accepted, and there are constantly between eight and nine hundred patients undergoing treatment.

The Hospital maintains a staff of nearly one hundred physicians, including many of New York's leading experts in the various branches of medical science. When the complement of trained nurses is complete, it can be seen that the patients receive the best of care and medical attention.



ROOF KINDERGARTEN, CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

One of the most interesting features of



NURSES' HOME, KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SOLARIUM, NURSES' HOME

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GROUP OF STUDENT NURSES

this great institution is the children's hospital. This is a separate building, where about one hundred and fifty children can be taken care of. Here a great variety of acute cases are treated, including the more severe classes of diseases and much surgical work. When a child is brought in, he is taken first to the general ward, where he is thoroughly washed and cleansed, and his case is diagnosed. He is then sent to one of the special wards for proper treatment.

Many of these children must spend long periods in the Hospital before a cure is effected, and they become much attached to their nurses. A kindergarten is maintained on the top floor, where the children are taught to play games, to study nature subjects, to fashion various designs from paper, and to do many other things which tend to train their minds along natural, healthy lines. In this children's hospital many poor, neglected children receive their first inspiration towards becoming healthy, useful, self-respecting boys and girls.

But of all the various activities of this splendid institution I was most deeply impressed with the cheery spirit and evident hominess which pervaded the Nurses' Training School. This is a handsome stone and brick building of seven or eight stories, situated at some distance from the main hospital, in the midst of very pretty grounds. It almost gives one the impression of a summer hotel, with plenty of shade trees and flower gardens surrounding it. It seemed to me ideal as a home for young women, and as I noticed the happy, talkative groups of nurses passing in and out, it reminded me forcibly of a girls' boarding-school which I once visited.

This impression was strengthened as I was taken into the handsomely furnished reception-room and the quiet, well-lighted library, well supplied with reference works and the best fiction, on the first floor. I asked Miss Burrows, the Superintendent, if the nurses selected their own roommates. She smiled quietly and informed me that each girl had a room all to herself, that they now had 121 single rooms and were planning a large additional wing. I was shown one of the bedrooms, which was cozily and attractively furnished, of good size, and with running hot and cold water, electric lights, and steam heat. There were numerous baths and tiled showers on each floor, and it was evident that the girls enjoyed every comfort.

I was next shown a, businesslike-looking class-room, well equipped with charts, diagrams, and other paraphernalia. Adjoining this was a larger lecture-room, where a regular course of paid lectures is given during the year by specialists in various lines of medical science.

An experimental laboratory is soon to be added in connection with the regular class-room work.

I was then taken up in an elevator to the roof, where I was ushered into a spacious solarium charmingly furnished in wicker and cretonne, where the girls could rest and play when off duty. This room opened directly on the roof, from which a magnificent view was obtained of the surrounding residence district, with a glimmer of the ocean in the distance. At night the lights of Coney Island can be clearly seen. At the other end of the building was the gymnasium, with much athletic equipment and a splendid basket-ball floor. Frequent dances are held here, and it was evident that the girls are allowed a large measure of freedom and opportunity for good times.

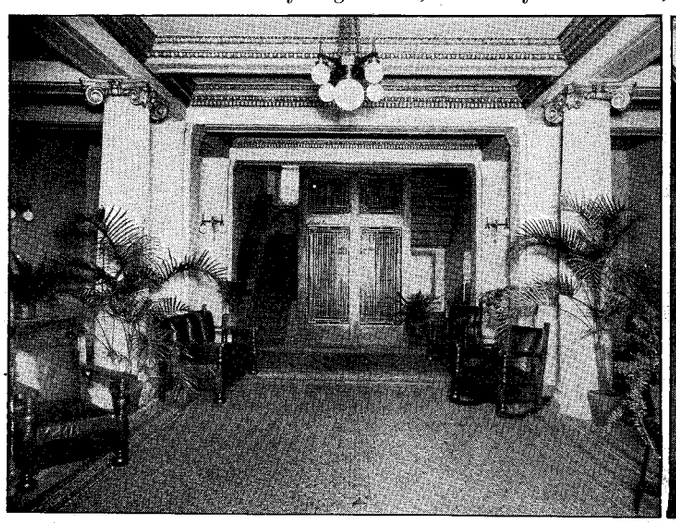
On the floor below was the nurses' infirmary. This is a bright, airy, cheerful room, under the direct charge of a graduate nurse. I noticed that this infirmary was entirely unoccupied, and remarked that evidently the girls were too well taken care of to have much need for it. Nevertheless one might feel comfortable in the knowledge that such a cheerful room was immediately available in case of sickness.

By this time the lunch hour had arrived and we glanced into the dining hall, where the girls appeared to be thoroughly enjoying a splendid meal. Miss Burrows and Miss Doyle, her assistant, then invited me to take lunch with them. The food was of fine quality, well served, and excellently cooked. I was pleased to note also that our menu was identical with that of the nurses.

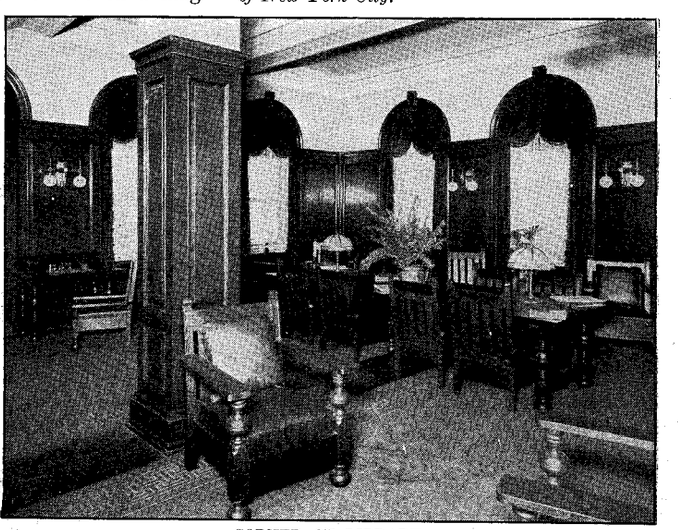
I asked Miss Burrows on what terms girls are accepted for the training course. She told me that the full course is two years and three months. The three months serve as a probation period, after which the student, if accepted, enters upon the regular course with practical hospital work. Any girl of good character and health who has had a grammar school education and at least one year of high school or its equivalent is accepted on probation. There are absolutely no charges of any kind, and even uniforms are furnished by the Training School. Each girl has her own room, completely furnished. A small monthly sum is allowed each student nurse for incidentals.

Many young women to-day are asking the question, "How can I make myself useful?" Here exists a wonderful opportunity to serve and at the same time learn a very profitable and interesting profession which is always much in demand. There are some available openings in the Training School which will be filled in order of application and final approval. Write a letter to MISS ISABELLE BURROWS, SUPERINTENDENT KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, for full particulars.

The Kings County Hospital is under the direct supervision of the Commissioner of Public Charities of New York City.



ENTRANCE HALL



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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of September 25, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Austrian Peace Note; An Insult to Belgium; Germany's Brutality in Africa; "Why Not Compromise with Germany?"

Reference: Pages 117, 118; editorial, pages 123, 124.

Questions:

1. What reasons does Austria give in asking for a meeting preliminary to peace? 2. State and explain President Wilson's official rejection of Austria's proposal. 3. What are the things The Outlook believes the Teutonic Powers must do *before* any peace negotiations should be begun? 4. Is this demanding too much of the Central Powers? Give several reasons. 5. What are the *principles* and the *methods* The Outlook holds "must be followed in any genuine negotiations for a lasting peace"? 6. Discuss these principles and methods. 7. Summarize Germany's reported proposals of peace to Belgium. 8. For what reasons does The Outlook regard these as "a deep and intolerable insult" to Belgium? What other reasons can you add? 9. Is there sufficient proof that Germany is not fit to govern again her former colonies? Is she fit to govern her own people in Germany? 10. The Central Powers have convinced their peoples that their Governments are conducting a defensive war. Prove that this is entirely false. 11. In all their various attempts to secure peace Germany and Austria have never apologized for or disowned the thousand and one crimes against humanity they have committed. How do you explain this? 12. What, in your opinion, are the real reasons why Austria and Germany want peace now? What kind of peace do they believe in? 13. Give several reasons why America entered the war. Have any of these objects been secured beyond doubt? 14. President Wilson replied to the Austrian proposal in twenty-five minutes from the time it was received. Does this promptness constitute a large part of the merit of the reply? Discuss. 15. The following books should be read: "Why We Are at War," by President Wilson (Harpers); "The Soul of Germany," by T. F. A. Smith (Doran); "For the Right," by various writers (Putnams).

B. Topic: Lenine and Trotsky Paid German Agents.

Reference: Pages 118, 120.

Questions:

1. The Outlook says that recent revelations show that Lenine and Trotsky "had been involved in treachery of the basest kind to their country and to their own associates." Show specifically wherein this is so. 2. What do these revelations show about Germany's objects, methods, and nature? 3. Do you think Lenine and Trotsky merely dupes of German intrigue? Discuss, showing why or why not. 4. Germany was fearful of the exposure of her arrangements with Lenine and Trotsky. Should Governments ever enter into agreements they would not care to have exposed? Discuss with care. 5. Lenine and Trotsky are not considered wise statesmen. Had they been, what policies and principles do you think they would have championed? 6. Suggest ways by which you think Russia could be delivered from her present state of anarchy. 7. Discuss the unsoundness of the belief that democracy means no restraint upon individual actions and utterances. 8. Explain how the actions of Lenine and Trotsky in particular and of the Bolsheviki in general affect the daily lives of Americans. 9. Point out how a wide popular interest in foreign affairs could be effected. 10. Discuss the results of such an interest. 11. Read two exceedingly valuable books: "The Eclipse of Russia," by J. Dillon (Doran), and "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Walter Lippmann (Henry Holt).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Labor Strikes, Lockouts, and the War.

Reference: Pages 122, 123.

Questions:

1. Why is it "of the highest interest to secure compliance with reasonable rules and procedure for the settlement of industrial disputes"? 2. Which, in your opinion, are more reasonable in labor disputes, employers or employees? Upon what is your opinion based? 3. Do you sanction the principle employed by President Wilson in settling the difficulties mentioned in this topic? Give reasons. 4. It would greatly profit employers to read "Progressive Democracy," by Herbert Croly (Macmillan).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook but not discussed in it.)

1. Public opinion exists only where personal opinion is freely expressed. 2. History shows that people have worked and perished for objects they did not comprehend. 3. Every nation is governed by a few people with special interests.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for September 25, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Ultra-sentimentalists, amenable (117); compromise, indemnity, armistice (123); billeted (124); temporize, continuity, recalcitrant (122).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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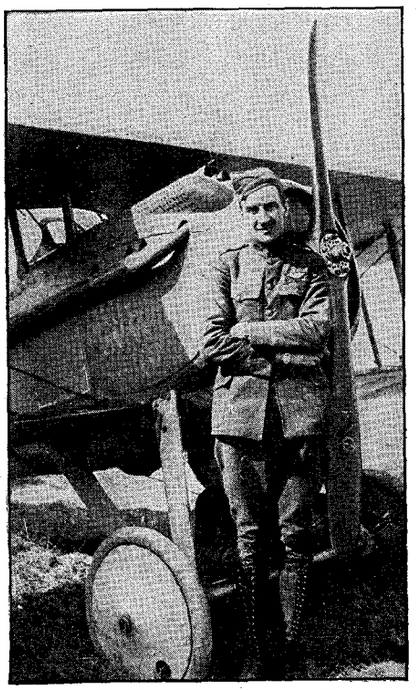
JAMES NORMAN HALL

BY F. B. SKEELE

The author is a member of an ambulance corps in France.—THE EDITORS.

He dropped suddenly out of a clear blue French sky and came riding down on the wind like an eagle swooping to earth. Captain Hall said later that it was his "Godfather Chance" who had killed his motor as he was flying high over German territory and who had been kind enough to land him on home soil. To us it seemed as though he would smash into a thousand bits against the little shell-broken toy of a railway station that stood in the path of his glide. However, with the skill and ease of a fire-engine driver who delights in missing



CAPTAIN JAMES NORMAN HALL

This snapshot of Captain Hall of the Lafayette Escadrille was taken a few days before he fell behind the German lines seriously wounded. He has won the French Croix de Guerre with palm, the Médaille Militaire, a *blessé* medal, and has since received the American Distinguished Service Medal. It is a most peculiar circumstance that Clifford Wolfe, of Omaha, Nebraska, who took the above picture, and his subject, Captain Hall, should both be destined to become prisoners almost within the same month. Mr. Wolfe, who is a member of an ambulance section, was on duty at an advanced "poste" when the village was surrounded by the Boches in a recent drive

corner curbs only by inches, James Norman Hall slid gracefully past.

As we rushed up—blatantly curious Americans always do—he was climbing from somewhere down deep in the fuselage of his machine. This same "Godfather" had run him aground on the only post in the field acres wide, tearing the lower wing of his Spad beyond immediate repair.

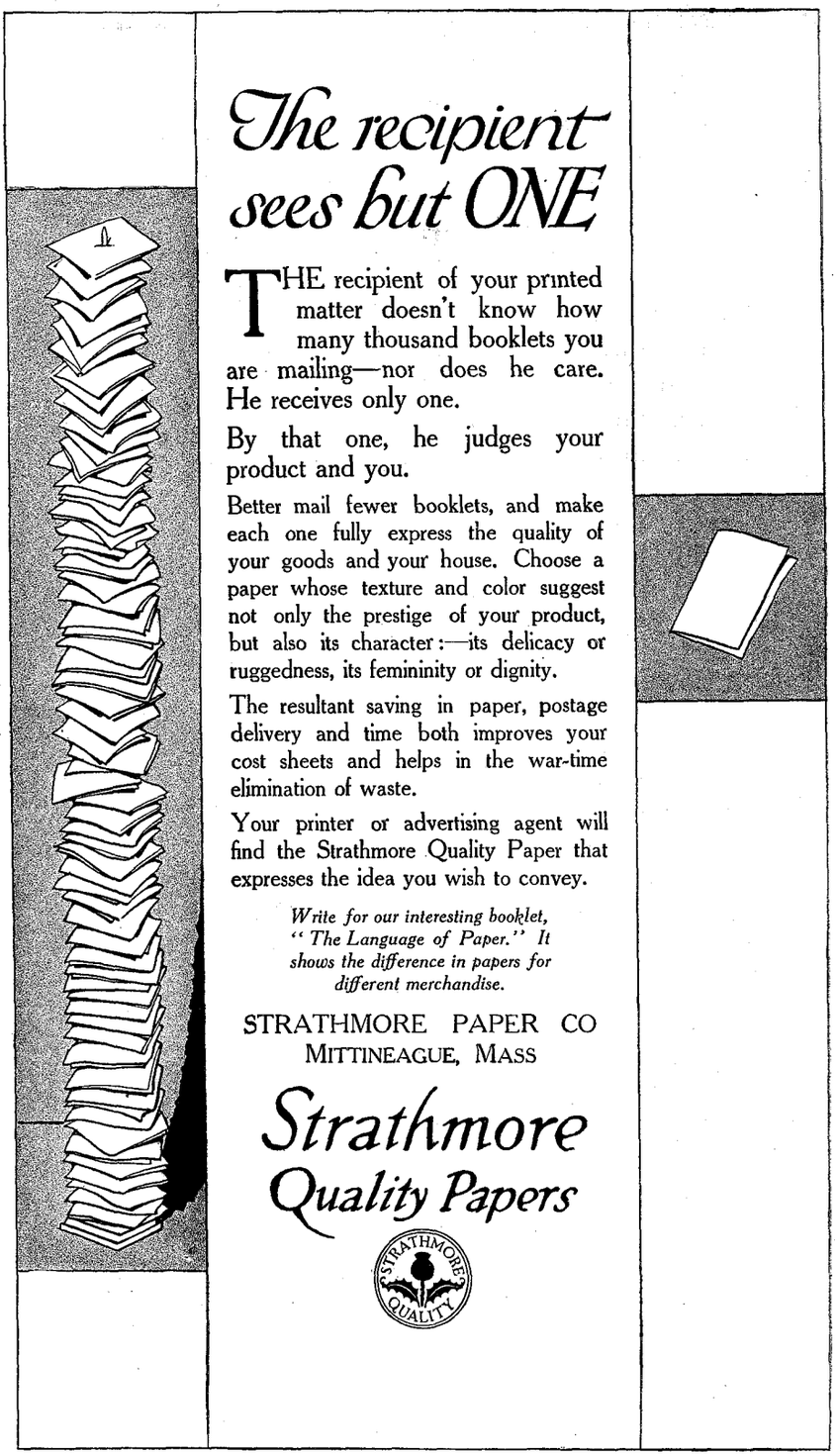
He was not the weather-worn soldier who had fought in rain and mud with "Kitchener's Mob," which he so clearly portrayed some years before. He lacked the dignity of a hero made famous on the entire western front by his deeds and daring. This slightly built "avion" with a keen brown eye was just Hall. One's inclination was to slap him on the back and to call him "Jim." We had all read his tales of "High Adventure" which are familiar to the "Atlantic Monthly's" readers. When asked to describe his previous experience in falling two miles with a *mitrailleuse* bullet in his shoulder, engine going at full speed, and miraculously regaining consciousness in time to straighten out three hundred feet above ground, landing in a French first-line trench, he said, smiling, "You'll have to excuse the attempts of an amateur. That was when I first began."

Throughout his tales it was Drew who fell two miles, who brought down a Boche, who chased ammunition trains far behind the lines; it was "we" who had anti-aircraft shells burst so close as to lift "our" machine by the concussion. But, in spite of his modesty, we recognized the editorial "we" as Captain Hall himself.

He had that magnetic kind of personality that draws and holds folk by its friendliness. One's immediate desire was to confide his innermost thoughts. He understood men and could fathom far beyond their mere existence as aviators or mechanics or soldiers. He understood that inarticulate mystic stoicism of men who have experienced the war to the full.

His friends will long remember the keen enthusiasm with which he served, nor will they forget his fearlessness, daring, and skill in combat. He was an ace with his gun and pen.

And when his "Godfather Chance" returns him, no longer a prisoner of Germany, he will have still further tales of adventure and of "Hindenburg's Mob."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Quite unexpectedly we have received from Scotland a delayed shipment of Spencer Coats of Shetland Wool. The range of colors includes Corn, Copenhagen, Oxford, Brown, Wisteria, Pink, Nile, Black and White $4.50

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It has been our good fortune to receive an exclusive importation of French Neckwear. The selection is composed of exquisite specimens of French Needlework now so very difficult to obtain. Many of the models are especially adapted to softening the trying lines of the new collarless dresses.

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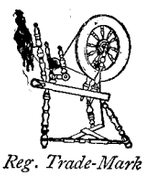
A copy of our new Fall and Winter Catalogue will be mailed gladly on request.



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IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook is now non-returnable. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at news-stands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook.

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

THE ENGLISH DEFEATISTS

After residing continuously in Germany for fifteen years and for four years in London, on my return to this country in 1915 it took me some time to find a substitute for "Harper's Weekly" as I had known it in 1896. May I say that The Outlook supplies one with more than the old "Harper's" ever offered? The editorial articles disclose a broad view of the larger world whose spirit and motives seemed to me to be so grievously misunderstood by most of our American periodicals in the early phases of this war. Only rarely does The Outlook blunder in its statement of facts; its editors will therefore the more readily pardon a correction which I venture to offer in connection with the reference to Lord Lansdowne in a recent issue. The politics of the Marquis are therein described as Conservative Tory. All mention and criticism of Lord Lansdowne which I have seen recently in other journals make a similar misstatement, the error proceeding possibly from a too ready assumption that hereditary rank and political Toryism are necessarily synonymous. The fact is that Lord Lansdowne has never been either Tory or Conservative in politics. He was a member of the Liberal party until that party divided over Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policies, when he became a Liberal-Unionist.

In conversation with such few Americans here as take an intelligent interest in British politics I have discovered that we Americans are prone to be misled by party nomenclature in Great Britain. It also seems that most American press correspondents in London have in the past espoused in their despatches the cause of the so-called "Liberal" party without sufficient knowledge of the histories and the past and present principles and achievements of both Liberals and Conservatives. You have stated very accurately that Lord Lansdowne appears to be in his letters the spokesman for a certain faction of English Liberals, but at the same time you seem to have missed the obvious inconsistency of his action were he truly a Tory or a Conservative. Except in his determined opposition to Gladstonian Home Rule, the political tenets of the Marquis have been consistently far more "Liberal" than Conservative.

This should illumine to some degree the present tendency of British self-styled Liberalism, and cause us Americans to be wary of accepting all its claims and pretensions, and of condemning the Conservatives of Great Britain. "Murder will out," and the real sentiments of pre-war "Liberalism" in England are now being expressed by the Lansdownes, Bennetts, Shaws, Sydney Webbs, and Wellses, as they already have been in France by the Bolos, Caillaux, and Malvys. The Liberal press of Britain—the "Daily News and Leader," "Daily Chronicle," "Star," "Westminster Gazette," Manchester "Guardian," and the London "Nation," piloted by the egregious Mr. Massingham—finds always space for defeatist and pacifist sentiments, and one must look to the "Times," "Daily Mail," "Telegraph," and "Morning Post" for energetic support of the war. The greatest gift of Mr. Lloyd George is his readiness and ability to learn by experience, which alone disqualifies him for identification with the finalities, omniscience, and fads of Liberalism and Socialism. Social reform in England in the last forty years has been championed by the Conservatives at least as often as by the Liberal party, but without

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The English Defeatists (Continued)

the destructive extravagance of the latter. Let us Americans refuse to permit our judgments to be biased by the sound of the titles Liberal and Conservative.

ALBERT OSBORNE.

Chicago, Illinois.

[We are inclined to think that our error in the paragraph on Lord Lansdowne was a typographical one. If we had called him a conservative Tory instead of a Conservative Tory our meaning would have been clearer. Unquestionably Lord Lansdowne has been identified with the Liberal party, but socially (and we use that word in its broadest sense) he is what in America we call a Tory. We do not believe that his present party affiliations seriously and fundamentally modify his essentially Tory point of view. The Outlook has not, and never has had, sympathy with the "little Englander" group of Liberals and Radicals. Their defeatist spirit is of course of a different sort from the defeatist spirit of Lord Lansdowne. They are defeatists from a sentimental and visionary notion that smallness is of itself goodness. Lord Lansdowne, while he is probably an Imperialist, is a defeatist because he is afraid of the accumulating power of the democratic movement. It often happens that extremes meet.—THE EDITORS.]

HOW "GINGER" GOT RELIGION

From a capital account of the fine war work of the Knights of Columbus, the Roman Catholic association which corresponds to the Protestant Y. M. C. A., by Mr. John B. Kennedy, editor of the "Columbiad," we extract this story of "Ginger:"

Ginger came from the gas-house section of New York, and he reached Camp Devens in a very dissatisfied frame of mind with men and things. He hung around one of the K. of C. buildings there because it contained a free pool-table, although he missed the thick haze of smoke over the table and the frequent underscoring of "bum" shots with strings of profanity.

Ginger acquired a reputation as a tough guy because he said "dis" and "dat" and "thoity-thoid." But Father McGinn, K. of C. chaplain at Camp Devens, saw that underneath the rather raspish exterior Ginger's heart was as true as any that beat inside a regulation army shirt. He didn't pal up with Ginger—back-slapping and the hail-fellow-well-met stuff doesn't exactly work with the gas-house bunch. But he told Ginger that if he didn't have anything particular to do on a Sunday morning he might drop around to the K. of C. building. Ginger dropped around and attended his first Mass since the days before he hurled his first brick from a tenement roof on a placid cop upholding a street lamp below.

Ginger had no æsthetic regard for the service, although he might have been impressed by the serious attention which the thousand or so boys present displayed. But one thing made a big hit with Ginger. It was the bell rung at the most solemn moments of the Mass. He figured things out for himself, and probably had a lonely battle with the old, remembered prejudices against the "cissy guys" who tried to get in soft at school by helping out the priest at church.

Ginger won the battle. On the following Saturday evening he turned up in Chaplain McGinn's office, where a tall lieutenant was engaged in conversation. Ginger butted right in.

"Have youse," he asked the priest (and who shall sneer at the dialect of a warrior, particularly when the warrior is red-headed?)—"have youse got anybody to soive Mass to-morror, father?"

"Why, yes," said the priest.

Ginger showed his disappointment, so the chaplain made haste to amend: "But I can do with your help, if that's what you mean."

"Dat's what I mean," said Ginger.

The chaplain turned to the tall lieutenant.

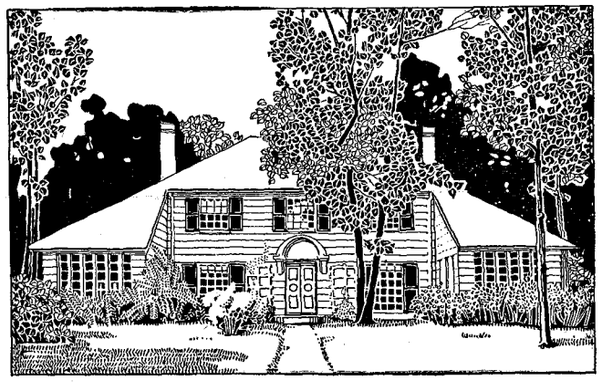
"How about it?" he asked, for the lieutenant had himself volunteered to serve at the altar the following morning.

"Fine!" said the lieutenant.

Ginger beamed upon both. He turned away, but hung about the door. The chaplain became occupied with other matters, but not so much occupied that he didn't hear Ginger's colloquy with the lieutenant as the officer emerged from the office.

"Say, lewt," said Ginger, semi-*sotto voce*, "when we serves Mass together to-morror, kin I take de side of de altar wid de bell?"

The lieutenant was willing. And it is written in the annals of this particular K. of C. building at Camp Devens that even a stone-deaf worshiper could realize the solemnity of the sacrifice, for Ginger smote the bell with the force of a zealot. He has served consistently since, always on "de side wid de bell." They have had two new bells at that building since Ginger got religion.



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[HOUSE BEAUTIFUL *for June, Page 21*]

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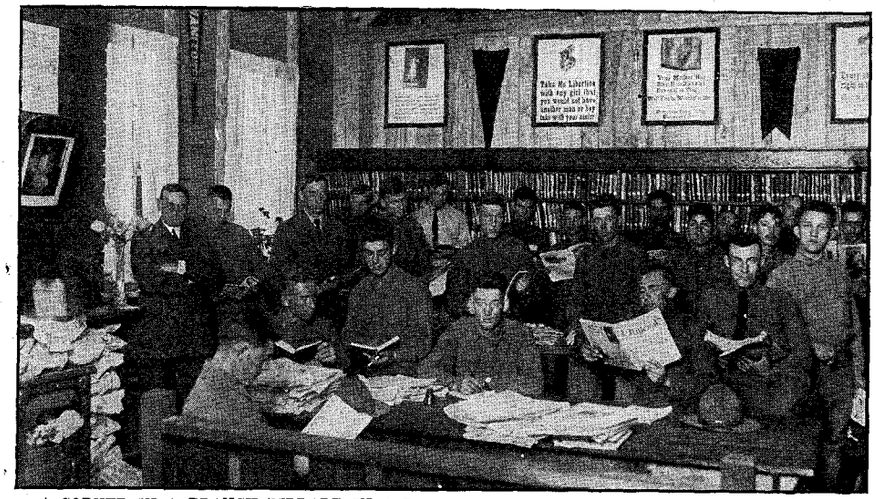

A CORNER IN A BRANCH LIBRARY IN A Y. M. C. A. HUT AT CAMP MacARTHUR, WACO, TEXAS
Note the interested reader in the foreground, the third figure from the right

WHAT BOOKS ARE DOING TO AMERICANIZE SOLDIERS OF MANY RACES

BY GEORGE F. WORTS

A STUDY of the personnel of the large Army camps furnishes data from which two surprising deductions can be made: First, foreigners have not acquired the language of their adopted land to the extent that we have optimistically imagined. Second, the drafts have brought to light Americans from regions of our country so remote, so foreign, that these native-born might have hailed from another continent.

We find men from New Jersey who have never gazed upon a street car; men from Georgia who have never spoken into a telephone; and I will never forget the young copper-miner from Calumet, Michigan, who wasn't quite sure whether George Washington was the present President of the United States or not!

Men recruited from the squatter populace of Florida were found to be illiterate for a very curious reason. Investigations bore out their testimony that their parents, inspired by jealousy perhaps, took pains that every son and daughter should share their ignorance. Periodicals which have been sent to such families have been returned unopened to the senders. The parents argued that if the children saw alluring illustrations they would become dissatisfied with their environment.

A suggestion of what happens when such unfortunate young men are thrown into contact with the average American soldier, who is ambitious, intelligent, a book reader, can be gleaned from an incident that happened in a camp library recently.

The camp librarian, who had just received a large consignment of books, found in the collection a first reader in English. While he was wondering what to do with it his perplexed look was seen by a Y. M. C. A. man.

"If you intend keeping that book for your library," said the Y. M. C. A. man, "take my advice and don't expose it on an open shelf."

The librarian wanted to know why not.

"Because many of the soldiers here don't know the first thing about English, but are ashamed to admit it. Put that book on a shelf and it will certainly disappear."

Camp librarians are co-operating with military officials in a Nation-wide endeavor to Americanize men of all nationalities in the ranks before they are sent abroad. A census taken recently in Camp Devens shows that forty languages are spoken among the drafted men of New England, ranging from French and Italian, which are in the majority, to Maltese, Egyptian, and Gaelic. The confidence of these soldiers is being gained through classes in English which are being conducted at several of the Y. M. C. A. huts inside the cantonments.

In the light of New England's reputation for erudition, camp officials at Devens have viewed with some alarm the large number of illiterates among the incoming soldiers. Many of these can scarcely write their own names.

To correct this condition classes numbering from fifteen to forty from different units were formed immediately. They meet on specified evenings. Instruction in writing and reading simple English is given and the duties of an American citizen are outlined and described. These classes are attended largely by Greeks, Poles, Portuguese, Russians, Hebrews, and Italians, but there are many illiterate Americans. The classes were swelled recently by the arrival of uneducated Negroes from the South.

Helpful books have been placed in circulation. These were secured through the efforts of the Free Public Library Commission of Massachusetts. Not only text-books have been provided, but novels, histories, and other general reading.

Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country" is placed on all the camp library tables, and many other works are handy for stimulating good citizenship.

Two newspapers, one printed in Greek, the other in Polish, are received at the Camp Devens library, and these are worn to shreds by soldiers of those nationalities.

At Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, there are many Syrians scattered through the various regiments. One of them found a Syrian newspaper, published in New York, in the camp library one day. He sat down and read it from beginning to end. The next day he came back with two of his countrymen. The news has spread until at present there is a delegation of Syrians waiting regularly to read their newspaper every day.

In the reading matter forwarded to encampments fourteen languages are so far represented. The greatest demand is for

Scribner Publications

The Valley of Democracy
By Meredith Nicholson

"It is a book which could have been written only by a Westerner; and it is a book for every American, Westerner and Easterner, Northerner and Southerner, to read, mark, ponder, and inwardly digest. The book is well thought out, well planned, and well written."—*New York Times.*
Illustrations by Walter Tittle. $2.00 net.

Present-Day Warfare
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Conditions of warfare in the present day are made clear to the civilians of this country, whose boys are "Over There." *Illustrated. $1.35 net.*

Our Navy in the War
By Lawrence Perry

A complete record, full of illuminating illustrations and adventurous incidents, of the achievement of the navy in all its lines, including the marines, camouflage, etc. His information has been in all cases the best available, collected from the highest authorities.
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Psychology and the Day's Work
By Edgar James Swift
Professor of Psychology in Washington University

"There is a sane, simple and practical psychology, which the most practical business man will find easy to understand and of as real value to him as the day's market news of a handbook of his especial trade or calling, and it is of such psychology that Professor Swift writes."—*New York Tribune. $2.00 net.*

Lovers of Louisiana
By George W. Cable

This delightful romance opens at Atlantic City. There two old New Orleans families, between which a certain inherited hostility existed, are thrown together for a time, with the result that the young lawyer who is destined to be the head of one falls in love with the beautiful Creole daughter of the other. *$1.50 net.*

The Earthquake
By Arthur Train

"'The Earthquake' is not a novel with a plot. It is in a large sense a page from life and all its power of revelation depends on that fact."—*Boston Transcript.* *$1.50 net.*

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What Books Are Doing to Americanize Soldiers of Many Races (Continued)

books in Polish, French, Spanish, Yiddish, Russian, and Italian. One request, forwarded to the New York Public Library, was for "The Thousand and One Nights" in the original Arabic. The services of a professor at Columbia University were enlisted, the book-stores of the city were searched, and the difficult order was filled.

Ralph P. Emerson, librarian at Camp Sevier, South Carolina, was asked by a swarthy corporal recently for something to read in modern Greek. Mr. Emerson found a book for him on the Balkan War.

The corporal shook his head vigorously and unbuttoned his shirt. Across his left shoulder blade was a deep-red bayonet scar.

"I know all I want to know about that war!" he said.

At Camp Custer books have been provided in French, Italian, Russian, Bohemian, Polish, Yiddish, Spanish, Greek, and Dutch. Samuel H. Ranck, the librarian at Custer, reports that there are men there who read and speak half a dozen languages better than they can read and speak English.

The library at Camp Gordon, Georgia, is in charge of Adam Strohm, librarian of the Detroit Public Library. Mr. Strohm is a native of Sweden and a graduate of the University of Upsala. He knew no English upon arriving in this country, but has overcome that handicap and is now one of the country's leading librarians.

It is the purpose of the American Library Association, which has charge of distributing all reading matter among sailors and soldiers on this and on the other side, to provide the individual man with the individual book. Occasionally, however, a call comes in that is difficult to fill; such, for instance, as that of a soldier who wanted a book to teach one of his Italian messmates how to speak Greek!

A class organized at Camp Wadsworth for teaching English to foreigners depends upon the camp library for text-books—fifty-seven easy readers in English.

One of the men of the medical detachment recently received his citizenship papers. About an hour later an officer walking through the hospital was badly in need of an Italian interpreter.

"Are you an Italian?" he asked.

"No, *signor*," replied the young man, proudly; "but I still spik Italiano a little!"

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Drums Afar. An International Romance. By J. Murray Gibbon. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

Ghost Garden (The). By Amélie Rives (Troubetzkoy). The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

With delicacy of style and treatment and with a fineness of diction that is really notable the author has here told a story which hovers between the confines of the supernatural and the psychological. The singular survival after over a century of the influence of a willful beauty in the garden and house which has she so loved that she sacrificed her devoted lover rather than give them up is an intangible but very real thing. The effect on the lovers of our day is illusive but tremendously powerful; in a sense the ghost of the rose garden is a rival of the maiden of to-day. The book is hard to describe because its charm is not that of

This Book is True.

The author writes:

"Not one single detail was invented by me. I have taken the greatest care not to 'make up' anything out of my head except the framework which holds the story together. Everything that happens to anybody in this book has happened to somebody in France of whom I have had personal knowledge."

HOME FIRES IN FRANCE

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "THE BENT TWIG"

This profoundly moving book will strengthen the purpose of tens of thousands of Americans whose hearts are with our soldiers in France.

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By BISHOP LUTHER B. WILSON

Bishop Wilson's experience in Y. M. C. A. war work on the other side makes one realize, perhaps as never before, what America, at home and in France, is doing to bring about the great victory for which the world is hoping and praying. He visited the camps, talked with our boys, lived with them, spoke to hundreds of soldiers at great meetings within the war zone, and brought back to America a personal message from General Pershing. His book contains much that will come very close to the hearts of those who have loved ones "over there."
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TO BOOK PUBLISHERS

This is the first of three special Fall Book Issues of The Outlook, giving a review of new books and publishers' announcements. Other special book numbers will be the issues of November 6 and December 4.

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The New Books (Continued)

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Land's End, and Other Stories. By Wilbur Daniel Steele. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.

Little Theater Classics. Adapted and Edited by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Vol. I—Polyxena, A Christmas Miracle Play, Doctor Faustus, Ricardo and Viola, The Scheming Lieutenant. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.

Lovers of Louisiana. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

In this story of New Orleans life Mr. Cable approaches the race question, as it still exists to his thinking, with a good deal of delicacy and also with dramatic power. The Creole characters, in particular, revive the charm of Mr. Cable's earlier books, and all in all it seems to us one of the best stories which has come from his pen for a long time.

Lure of the North (The). By Harold Bindloss. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.40.

Minniglen. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

This is hardly equal to former romances by these popular authors. It is high-flown in style and super-sentimental in plot.

Miss Mink's Soldier, and Other Stories. By Alice Hegan Rice. The Century Company, New York. $1.25.

Mystery of Hartley House (The). By Clifford S. Raymond. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

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Rough Road (The). By William J. Locke. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

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Star in the Window (The). A Novel. By Olive Higgins Prouty. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

Strayed Revellers. A Novel of Modernistic Truth and Intruding War. By Allan Updegraff. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

Soul of Susan Yellam (The). By Horace Annesley Vachell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

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to have many readers and stir sympathetic ones to the depths.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

American Democracy and Asiatic Citizenship. By Sidney L. Gulick, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

Rising Japan. By Jabez T. Sunderland, M.A., D.D. Foreword by Lindsay Russell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

Citizenship for the Japanese in this country has, we think, never been more forcefully urged than by Dr. Gulick. He points out that of the total number of Japanese here several thousands live east of the Rocky Mountains, most of whom have secured high school and many of them college education in America; that not a few of them have married American wives and are rearing families essentially American; that their years of life here have largely severed them from Japan, and that were they to return to their native land they would not only find it difficult to establish fresh and satisfactory relations with their kindred and their people, but that many of them would even find it difficult to make a living. These Japanese wish to acquire American citizenship. A particularly informative chapter is that concerning the Hawaiian Islands, where Dr. Gulick spent the early years of his life.

Dr. Sunderland's view of citizenship is in harmony with the above, and he pays a distinct personal tribute to Dr. Gulick as a protagonist. Of views tending to create suspicion of Japan which have appeared in some recently published volumes, Dr. Sunderland's book is a corrective.

Expansion of Europe (The). A History of the Foundations of the Modern World. By Wilbur Cortez Abbott, B.Litt. (Oxon.), M.A. Illustrated. 2 vols. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $6.50.

One of the author's reasons for compiling this able work was to show the connection of the past with the present. His interesting review, therefore, of the past five centuries would have been still more interesting, and certainly more impressive, had he given more space to the Gothic age, the great stimulus to succeeding civilization—the age when the Venetians conquered Constantinople, when the English House of Commons was founded, when printing was discovered; the age of Runnymede, Agincourt, Crécy, of Innocent III, Louis IX, Frederick II, and Rudolf of Hapsburg; the age of Joan of Arc, Rienzi, Dante, Chaucer, Thomas Aquinas, Wycliffe, Hus, Jerome of Prague. Another reason for compiling the work has been to show the connection of the social, economic, and intellectual development of European peoples with their political affairs, especially including the eastern European nations and the Europeans overseas. We have thus a new synthesis of modern history, well set forth, suggestive, and stimulating.

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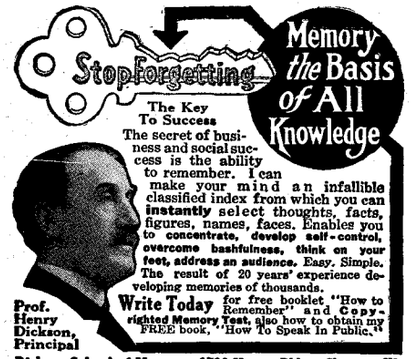
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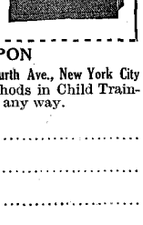

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The New Books (Continued)

isfactory manner and illuminated her narrative with many attractive pictures. It would seem that among these should have been included a portrait of Captain Amundsen, the hero of the greatest exploit of Antarctic exploration, and a picture of the ship that shared his glory.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Joys of Being a Woman, and Other Papers (The). By Winifred Kirkland. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

"By nature man belongs to the hunt in the open, and woman to the fire indoors, and just here lies one of the best reasons for being a woman rather than a man, because a woman can get along without a man's out-of-doors much better than a man can get along without a woman's indoors, which proves woman of the two the better bachelor." This sentence illustrates the clever style and subtle thought of these essays, which are quite exceptional and worth while.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Christian Man, the Church and the War (The). By Robert E. Speer. The Macmillan Company, New York. 60c.

Whatever may have been true in 1914, it is certainly no longer true that the Church, like Peter, stands at the fire warming itself. It is taking a very active part in this great world campaign for liberty and justice. Rabbi Wise the other day pronounced upon the Allied armies in Europe the Beatitude, "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God." This has come to be the attitude of the Christian Church. It recognizes the armies in Europe as, to use Henry van Dyke's phrase, "fighting for peace." Just because the Church is a free institution in which there is a much larger liberty of discussion than its critics have believed it possesses the Church gives to Christ's law differing interpretations, but the notion that Christ's law forbids all use of force in the age-long conflict against evil has ceased to find expression. There are points in Dr. Speer's interpretation of the Christian spirit in which we differ with him, but in the main we think this little book will help those who in the present hour are perplexed how to reconcile their instincts with their conventional interpretation of Christianity, and it will do this by enabling them to come to a better, a deeper, and a more practical understanding of what Christianity demands of the Christian man and of the Church in time of war.

Psychology of Conviction (The). A Study of Beliefs and Attitudes. By Joseph Jastrow. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

This masterly work by the Professor of Psychology in the University of Wisconsin enforces by a variety of instances the fundamental moral obligation of clear thinking in the formation of reasonable beliefs. Cæsar, in his "Gallic War," observes that "men generally believe what they desire to." Professor Jastrow remarks that the prevention of desire from dominating belief is but partially accomplished even in disciplined minds. "How German minds can think as they do seems even more amazing than that German hands should be so infamously polluted with crime."

The "case method" used in schools of law is applied effectively in this volume to illustrate the interaction of our logical and our psychological nature and men's convictions as a compromise between them.

Religious Education in the Church. By Henry Frederick Cope. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

The twenty-two chapters of this volume by the General Secretary of the Religious Education Association, organized in 1903, deal point by point with questions the Church must face to-day. The heart of the problem is that the Church does not distinctly recognize its special task, its unique function—to stimulate and develop the people as religious beings. The present age of specialization demands that the Church shall discover its specialty and stick to it, meeting a want elsewhere unmet. On this must all its activities in other fields converge.

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WAR BOOKS

General Foch: An Appreciation. By Major Robert M. Johnston, U. S. N. A. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.

Silent Watchers (The). By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

All naval men and most landsmen will find this book of absorbing interest. It tells in graphic and convincing fashion the story

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The New Books (Continued)

of the British navy's deeds during the present war, and should make Americans as well as Englishmen proud of the achievements of the British armed fleets.

Gentlemen at Arms. By "Centurion," a Captain in the British Army who has Served in France. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $1.40.

Odyssey of a Torpedoed Transport (The). By Y. Translated by Grace Fallow Norton. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.25.

Rasputin and the Russian Revolution. By Princess Catherine Radziwill (Count Paul Vassili). Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

Submarine in War and Peace (The). Its Developments and Its Possibilities. By Simon Lake, M.I.N.A. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.

The author is himself an inventor and builder of submarine boats, and he has made a book that covers his subject comprehensively and well. He looks to the further improvement of the submarine to the point when its perfection will make offensive warfare at sea impracticable. Illustrating this prospective evolution by a reference to the past, he says, "Farragut in 1864 said: 'Damn the torpedoes; go ahead, full speed!' An admiral in 1917 damns the torpedoes and orders full speed ahead, but *not* toward those points guarded by submarine torpedo boats."

Ten Months in a German Raider. A Prisoner of War Aboard the Wolf. By Captain John Stanley Cameron. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

War and the Bagdad Railway (The). By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. Illustrations. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Rural Life. By Charles Josiah Galpin. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.50.

Style Book of the Detroit News (The). Edited by A. L. Weeks. The Evening News Association, Detroit.

This is not a mere typographical manual, but is a compact treatise on the art of writing. Any one who wishes to acquire a lucid, clear-cut style will find in it golden words of wisdom. It also discusses with general helpfulness many matters of purely technical interest to newspaper workers.

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By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D.

OF COURSE you would like to live in good health always, free from disease and pain, in full possession and enjoyment of your mental faculties and your physical powers.

Here are some cheering truths.

Acute disease is unnecessary.

Chronic disease can always be prevented.

Nearly all chronic diseases are curable.

Disease is an abnormal condition; health is the natural state.

Germs cannot harm us if we live as we should.

As health is the natural state, a little thought will show that, barring accidents, we can always have health. It depends on ourselves.

The cause of disease is repeated breaking of nature's laws, that is, mistakes made in the manner of living. Then the remedy for all ills is correct living. It not only cures disease, but it prevents a recurrence.

Those of us who live according to the laws of nature are not sick—never! Yet we breathe germs, and drink germs, and eat germs every day. This is proof in itself that germs are not the real cause of disease. Learn how to live according to the laws of nature, and you will have absolutely nothing to fear from germs.

We are now learning that the law of health and disease is this:

Those who deserve health are healthy, and those who deserve disease are ill.

Yes, we have to earn health or disease. If we want to live to a ripe old age, it is within our power to do so, unless we meet with bodily injury through accident.

Permanant, dependable health is the result of correct knowledge of living put into practice.

Those who allow disease to fasten itself upon them will in time arrive at the incurable stage, but let the truth be known that if taken in reasonable time nearly all cases of catarrh, hay fever, asthma, chronic bronchitis, heart disease, chronic Bright's disease, chronic diabetes, rheumatism, tuberculosis in the early stages, constipation, nervous prostration and the so-called stomach troubles are curable. Most of the patients suffering from these diseases recover *when they get the correct knowledge and use it.*

Realizing the universal need for clearly defined instructions on the cause and cure of the various ailments of the human body, I have outlined in a series of books a pleasant plan of living that has proved successful in my personal practice. These books (see titles below) are written in plain, understandable and non-technical language. Following is a short description of each book, with a note by my publisher telling how they can be obtained.

"Getting Rid of Rheumatism"

(*$2, postpaid*)

Rheumatism is not only curable, but the individual can learn how to get well and stay well. This book gives you the cause and cure—a cure at home. The subjects discussed are Chronic Rheumatism—Gout—Lumbago—Sciatica, etc. Treatment of chronic rheumatism—Acute rheumatism causation—Symptoms—Treatment—Dieting, etc. The classification of food and some important diet hints are included.

"Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds"

(*$2, postpaid*)

Get the blood and digestive tract into good condition and these ills will bother you no more. Some of the topics discussed are—Cause of catarrh—Acute catarrh—Chronic catarrh—Catarrh curable—Permanent cure of catarrh—Feeding in catarrh—Cause of colds—How to prevent them—Quick cold cures—Slower cold cures—Feeding in and after colds—Colds due to poor blood—Germs and colds—Meaning of coughs—Prevention and cure—Classification of food.

"Dieting Diabetes and Bright's Disease"

(*$2, postpaid*)

You can eat your way out of diabetes or Bright's disease into health. This book shows you how. Note some of the subjects discussed—The kidneys—Diabetes—Cause, symptoms, diagnosis, prognosis—Correct treatment—Menus—Treatment of diabetic coma. Bright's disease—Cause, symptoms—Diagnosis, prognosis—Correct treatment of acute or chronic Bright's disease—Menus—Summary—Food classification—Diet hints.

"Conquering Consumption"

(*$2, postpaid*)

"Conquering Consumption" gives the cause of tuberculosis and tells how to prevent it; how to cure the trouble in its early stages; and how to live so as to have a good chance to recover even later on. Note the topics discussed—Consumption—Most fatal of all diseases—Curable in early stages—Cause of consumption—Galloping consumption—Chronic consumption of the lungs—Consumption of the glands or "scrofula"—Treatment of tubercular glands—How to prevent consumption—How to cure early stages of consumption—Treatment of chronic consumption—Meals and menus for consumptives—General care of consumptives—Food classification.

"Curing Constipation and Appendicitis"

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This condition afflicts the majority. It causes degeneration and disease. In this book the simple causes and curative means are presented to you. A natural knifeless treatment of appendicitis is given. Danger of constipation—Cause of constipation—Cathartics—Enemas—Constipation curable—Feeding in constipation—Regular habits—Normal bowels an aid to health. Causes of appendicitis—Preventing appendicitis—Natural cure of appendicitis—Operation hardly ever necessary—Feeding in and after appendicitis—Food classification.

NOTE BY DR. ALSAKER'S PUBLISHER: R. L. Alsaker, M.D., is a new type of physician. Although a regular medical graduate he specializes in health, not in disease. This is a new and broad idea—to teach the sick how to return to health and how to remain healthy.

In his practice he makes a wide departure from the ordinary. Most physicians prescribe medicines and give treatment; the patient is no wiser than before. Dr. Alsaker supplies the correct knowledge, leads his patients back to health, and gives them a health education at the same time.

He says: "There is nothing mysterious about health and disease. Physicians should not pretend that they have secret knowledge that the public cannot understand."

The New York *Tribune* says of Dr. Alsaker and his works: "Written by a competent professional authority, they are fitted for the instruction and profit of the laity; being simple, direct and non-technical. They contain no scientific disquisitions; they exploit no fads; they recommend no impossibilities. **If the public would read them and be guided by them, there would be less illness and the 'high cost of living' would come down with a run.**"

Mr. G. G. Porter, a prominent business man of Syracuse, N. Y., writes regarding Dr. Alsaker and his teachings: "I consider his works the most instructive of the many books on health and dietetics that I have read and studied—and I have read about everything on the subject worth reading. As you know, I have bought and distributed nearly 200 copies of his books. This action on my part indicates what I think of his writings. **If the public could only be aroused from their indifference to personal health matters, and be taught to look into these things for themselves, we would soon have a healthier, happier and more efficient nation. You are doing a great work in placing this helpful health knowledge before the American people.**"

On receipt of $2 I will send you any one of the Alsaker health books with the understanding that if you are not fully satisfied with the instructions given for the improvement of your health you may return the book any time within 5 days and your money will be refunded immediately and without question. As to my responsibility, I refer to any Commercial Agency and to the publisher of The Outlook. My bankers are the Garfield National Bank, the Corn Exchange Bank and The People's Trust Co. of New York.

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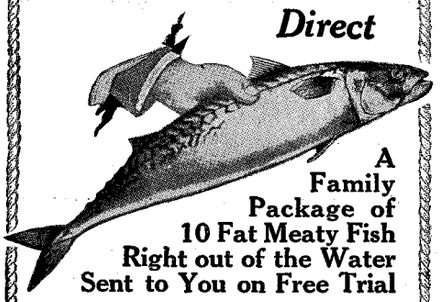

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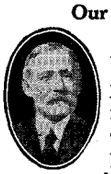

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Send No Cash Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon to-day. I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 10 fat juicy mackerel, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, all charges prepaid, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning. Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense. If you are pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be, send me $4.90 and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct—never to dealers. The "Seafood Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them. Mail the coupon now with your business card, letterhead or reference.

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BY THE WAY

Some people want to win the war but hate to spend the money necessary to that end. A Florida subscriber writes of one of these: "An old lady from up Bear Creek—a typical Florida cracker, sunbonnet and all—wandered into my office to-day and during an animated discussion about the war said: 'This country was all right when Uncle Sam was running it, but now Woodrow Wilson has been elected and he has run the country in debt *two thousand dollars!*'"

Where do the aviators get their words? Some of them are certainly queer. The glossary of a book called "Practical Flying" includes these expressions: "Hoik—to make the machine climb steeply and suddenly. Blip—to switch the engine on and off rapidly. Blimp—slang term referring to small airships. Conk—the engine is said to 'conk' when it fails. Quirk—slang term for pupil. Zoom—to ascend very steeply." More understandable are "Hun"—slang name for a person learning to fly—and "taxying," the uncertain progress of an airplane on the ground with engine running.

The official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury in London, so a correspondent of "American Art News" writes, is to be graced with a portrait of George Washington, which will probably be hung in the Pitt dining-room. The portrait is by Charles Wilson Peale, and is the gift of Lord and Lady Albemarle.

Another London art note, which has also political and social implications, is to the effect that the woman auctioneer has arrived. She made her *début* at a well-known London auction house, Sotheby's. Miss Evelyn Barlow, a member of the firm, was the heroine of this epoch-making occasion.

Pier 86, North River, New York City, which was constructed by the city at a cost of more than $4,000,000 and is replete with all modern appliances for the use of steamships, has been taken over by the United States Government. The upper deck of the pier will be used as a sub-post office, principally to handle soldiers' mail.

Macaulay's vein of humor is shown in an autograph letter recently offered for sale. He had received a present of some fine grapes, and writes to the giver: "I am afraid of overeating myself. . . . You will be sorry to see in the 'Times' that I have been taken off by cholera, and that my sad end is to be ascribed to the rash manner in which I indulged in some delicious grapes, a present from injudicious friends."

Another letter in the same collection is from Samuel Rogers, the poet. His house had been robbed, and a lurid account of the robbery had mentioned some of his silver as having been presented to him by the King. He says: "The vases presented to me by royalty were also the creatures of the imagination, for I must entirely acquit the royal family of having ever given me, or, I believe, anybody else, anything."

When were the letters "U. S." first used as standing for "Uncle Sam" as well as for the United States? An article in "St. Nicholas" says that they were so used during the Revolutionary War. The Troy (New York) "Record," jealous of Troy's fame, says that their use originated in that city during the War of 1812, when Samuel Wilson was an inspector of Government supplies in Troy. He was known as "Uncle Sam," and his workmen jocularly attributed the letters "U. S." on

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Notice our soldiers! How alert and active, eyes sparkle, cheeks glow—striking examples of what you and other women can be. I have been building up women as the war is building our soldiers, for sixteen years. Have helped 85,000 women.

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By the Way (Continued)

barrels of pork as meaning "Uncle Sam," as stated in The Outlook of July 31. The joke caught, and soon "Uncle Sam" was a synonym for "United States." As a contribution to the controversy, it may be remarked that the Continental Congress altered the words "United Colonies" to "United States" on September 9, 1776, and so for more than a third of a century before the War of 1812 the ingenious Yankee intellect had an opportunity for practicing its wit on jokes about the initials "U. S." Some patient delver in Americana ought to be able to settle the question by ascertaining what is actually the earliest use of U. S. for Uncle Sam in some old-time newspaper or pamphlet.

A volume which will have a melancholy interest for Tolstoy admirers will be Aylmer Maude's new life of Tolstoy, to be published this fall. It will contain, it is announced, much new information, based on material contributed by Countess Tolstoy, about the forsaking of his wife and home by the great Russian writer and the final journey which led to his death.

Madison Square Garden, in New York City, which has not been so prosperous as in former years and which it has been proposed to replace with a business block, is coming into its own again as a result of the war. Its chief competitor as a place for big expositions, the Grand Central Palace, is to be taken over by the Government for use as a hospital on October 1. The first exhibition to be transferred to the Garden as a result will be the National Motion Picture Exposition, which will be held from October 5 to 13. The motion picture exhibits will deal largely with the work of the movies in the war.

The large pages and small type of a popular household magazine make the reading of it somewhat difficult, apparently; for in a serial running in its pages appears this inset in large type: "You will know very soon why Maida dislikes the Smith family; why she loathes Monsieur Pelessier; why her locket was tampered with; the answer to the dull strangled groan she heard on the night of her arrival," etc. This certainly is effective bait to rouse the flagging interest of a reader, but has his hope for an exciting *dénouement* been too long deferred?

An almost deserted thoroughfare in New York City is the so-called Speedway, which cost $6,000,000 to build in the days when trotting horses were as popular as automobiles are now. Being restricted to the use of horse-drawn pleasure vehicles, it has gradually fallen into disuse. "There is one lady who takes a ride on it every pleasant morning," said a lawyer recently in an action to open the Speedway to motor cars, "and the other user is a transient who just brings up the average to two a day." A city magistrate has ruled that this boulevard shall no longer be closed to automobiles.

The many columns of Help Wanted advertisements in the papers indicate the demand for labor. Some advertisers, who formerly took their choice from a long line of applicants, now apparently get few answers; and one man seems to regret that he did not close at once with an offer, for he makes this appeal in a daily paper under the head of "Public Notices:"

Bill Clerk and Typist.—Siegel, young man that called in reference to a typist position, please call again. —— ——, West —— St.

Another advertisement reads: "Porter wanted—man or woman."

It's your face, Mr. Shaver—
But maybe you don't realize what makes your razor "pull." It's RUST! The naked eye can't see the rust, but it's there just the same.
Any razor blade, magnified 1,000 times, looks like a cross-cut saw—with ragged, jagged teeth. Between these infinitesimal teeth moisture collects and rust forms. Even the moisture from the lather causes rust. You can't stop it by trying to wipe or strop your razor dry. But you can stop it with a little
3-in-One
Here's what thousands upon thousands of self-shavers do: Moisten thumb and forefinger with a drop of 3-in-One Oil, then draw the blade gently between them. Do this simple thing before and after shaving.
3-in-One prevents rust forming. It gives you a rustless razor, the only kind that doesn't "pull" and hurt.
Rub a few drops of 3-in-One into your strop, too, now and then. Keeps it soft and pliable.
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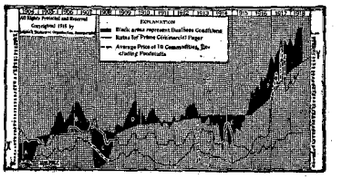

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the Wednesday on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Hotels and Resorts

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world. Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
O T-Costello Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well
you cannot find a more comfortable place in *New England than*

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without *extravagance.*

NEW YORK

GOLDTHWAITE INN and COTTAGES, on GREAT SOUTH BAY, BELLPORT, L. I. Lloyd Cottage open all year. Ideal weather on Long Island September, October, and November. Golf, tennis, sailing, bathing, motoring.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

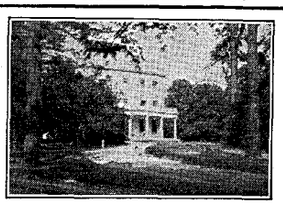
Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

STOP AT
HOTEL BOSSERT
on aristocratic Brooklyn Heights
and enjoy the advantages of
THE MARINE ROOF
the most famous roof in America. Dine 300 feet in the air, with a panographic view of New York Harbor stretching before you for a distance of 10 miles. Dancing if you like.
Write for booklet B.
Montague, Hicks, and Remsen Streets, Brooklyn

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

Health Resorts



Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases
Comfortable, homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*
Sanford Hall Flushing New York

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Country Board

TWO SISTERS
tending aged aunt, will tenderly care for two other even helpless women. Own home in the village, comfortable but not luxurious; excellent garden; poultry. Not less than $25 week. See us first. E. STICKNEY, Schenevus, Otsego Co., N.Y. (D. & H. Station).

Real Estate

CONNECTICUT

For Sale by Owner—50-ACRE TRACT
partially bordering on Conn. shore of Long Island Sound, 45 miles from New York City. Beautiful building sites; excellent soil; good roads; convenient to trains. 9,077, Outlook.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

FOR RENT OR SALE
Avoid your coal bill! 2 completely furnished modern cottages (8 and 4 rooms), $600 (or $500—$150 each). Near Rockledge. Month free if secured before November.
Blair, Cocoa, Florida. Box 32.

NEW YORK

FOR SALE
CAMP GAHADA, an established Camp for Boys
Adirondack Mts. near Corinth, N. Y. Large, fully equipped lodge, gravity spring water system, tennis courts, etc. Address L. DeWitt Ebner, 107 Brandywine Ave., Schenectady, N.Y.

NORTH CAROLINA

Mountain Farm for Sale Western North Carolina. Beautiful location but unimproved; 5 miles from one station, 10 from two others. New roads; near picturesque 30,000-acre lake. Stream for power and lights; cold spring water; delightful climate. Fine for apples, grain, poultry, live stock, tranquil country estate, game preserve; 216 acres, $2,500. Investigate rigidly. Owner, Box 412, Raleigh, N. C.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Women between twenty-five and fifty years. Travel and sell business men. Soliciting experience unnecessary and undesired. Attractive personality, polite persistency, pleasantness, and obedience are. Users of liquors, tobacco, or drugs undesired. Drab pessimists will not succeed; sensible optimists will. Permanent salaried position, with free summers and advancement. Address Box 214, Carlisle, Pa.

KNITTERS on infants' bootees, sweaters, blankets. Work sent out of town. The R. R. Barringer Co., 29 E. 31st St., New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Maid for Washington, D. C., October 1. To sew, have supervision of children, and help in dining-room. Good references. 6,272, Outlook.

WANTED—Intelligent young woman as mother's helper for three little girls, ages 9, 4½, and 3 years respectively. Apply 5950 Overbrook Ave., Overbrook, Philadelphia.

WANTED—Capable woman as housekeeper for institution; must have experience, also executive ability and capable to manage help. Apply Supt. York Hospital, York, Pa.

LADIES' MAID.—First-class maid wanted who must understand brushing hair, care of clothes, and be competent to make lingerie. Good packer. State particulars, nationality, age and wages expected. Address Boswell, Box 34, P. O. Station O, New York.

WOMAN between 30 and 45 to look after two children, ages six and nine. References required. 6,279, Outlook.

WANTED, nurse. Must have good disposition, kind, and thoroughly capable of taking entire charge of three-year-old boy, leg in brace. Small family. Permanent position. 6,284, Outlook.

NURSE, for two children, seven and five. References. Mrs. Walter Olcott, care James W. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn.

WORKING housekeeper, in small private family, three servants. Reply, giving references and experience in private house. 6,285, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, 537 Howard Building, Providence. *Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court,* Thursdays, 11 to 1.

HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

WANTED—Two experienced teachers. Latin-English and mathematics. High school grade. $700 and board. Southern school. High altitude. 6,233, Outlook.

WANTED—Companion-governess for girl of fifteen. Protestant American or English. Able to assist with music, French. Willing to travel. Good reference and experience required. Personal interview New York City. 6,271, Outlook.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Avenue. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers, dietitians, companions, secretaries. Teachers: Latin, Greek, science, suburban school.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Professional Situations

LAWYER, above draft age, twenty years' practice New York, all courts, best references as to character and ability, desires larger opportunity than that afforded by country town. 6,274, Outlook.

Business Situations

UNIVERSITY woman, special experience, desires position as secretary, assistant editor, assistant manager. 6,225, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

REFINED woman, capable and willing, desires position as convalescent nurse or companion or housekeeper in private family. 6,256, Outlook.

YOUNG woman wishes to go to California after November 1 as nurse or companion to invalid lady or gentleman. Good experience in nursing. Doctors' references. Have traveled. 6,273, Outlook.

WANTED, by a woman of refinement, a position as housekeeper or companion. Address *P. O. Box 1,495, Pittsfield, Mass.*

LADY would like position as housekeeper or companion. Best references. 6,268, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by woman of refinement, with daughter aged twelve, as housekeeper for children of man in war work. *Discontinuing nursing. References exchanged.* West preferred. Mrs. Eleanor Powers, Montrose, Col.

SCOTCH lady wishes position of visiting or permanent supervising housekeeper. Best references from American and English families. 6,277, Outlook.

REFINED woman desires position as companion, chaperon, or managing housekeeper. Excellent references. 6,278, Outlook.

REFINED American middle-aged lady wishes position as companion to lady or gentleman; will also assist in directing household. Will travel. Excellent references. 6,286, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED teacher will tutor one or two boys. 6,287, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER with our new 1919 carburetors; 34 miles per gallon. Use cheapest gasoline or half kerosene. Increased power. Styles for any motor. Very slow on high. Attach it yourself. Big profits to agents. Money back guarantee. 30 days' trial. Air Friction Carburetor Co., 240 Madison, Dayton, Ohio.

Why Be Thin and Frail?

I CAN make you weigh what you should. Can build up your strength. Can improve your figure. Can teach you to stand and walk correctly. In your home. Without drugs. By scientific methods such as your physician approves. Results will be noticeable to you and your friends in a few *weeks.*

One pupil writes: "Under your treatment I gained 15 pounds the first three months and became strong and healthy. I would not be back where I was for any amount of money."

If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, your figure perfected, and your health improved, I am certain you would write me.

I want to help you as only a woman can. I've had a wonderful experience covering sixteen years. Write to me and if my work won't help I will tell you what will.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 8, 624 S. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois

YOUR WANTS IN EVERY LINE

of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE OUTLOOK. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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